The life and adventures in California of Don Agustín Janssens, 1834-1856. Edited by William H. Ellison and Francis Price. Translated by Francis Price

Huntington Library Publications

The LIFE AND

ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA

of DON AGUSTíN JANSSENS

1834-1856

Edited by WILLIAM H. ELLISON

and FRANCIS PRICE

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PREFACE

Victor Eugene August Janssens, commonly called Agustín Janssens in the document which follows, gives first a brief story of his honored father and mother and of himself previous to and subsequent to their migration to Mexico. This is followed by a detailed account of his own adventures and experiences from 1834, when as a youth of seventeen years of age he came to Mexico's most northern territory with the Híjar and Padrés colony, until eight years after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Janssens was consistently loyal to the legal governments of Mexico and California, and then to the United States, from the time Fremont unexpectedly visited his rancho and lunched with him on the general's way north after the Cahuenga capitulation, January 13, 1847.

Although not politically minded, Janssens was called into governmental service under the United States. He was a member of the Santa Barbara County grand jury in 1850; was elected county assessor in 1861, 1863, and 1867; was named deputy tax collector in April 1866 and again in May 1867; was elected trustee of the town of Santa Barbara, June 22, 1866, and in this office repeatedly discharged the duties of mayor pro tem; and he served as postmaster of Santa Barbara from 1864 to 1869.

Although supporting actively the legitimate governors under Mexico, and serving in offices after United States authority was established in California, Janssens' chief interests for most of his active life were ranching and business. He lived with his family at his rancho, Lomas de la Purificación, from 1844 to 1856, when because of annoyance and danger from Indians in the region of Santa Inés, he moved into Santa Barbara. Though inactive for a number of years because of an affection of the eyes and resulting blindness, he continued as an honored and respected citizen up to the time of his death, January 4, 1894.

In 1878, between March 2 and April 4, Thomas Savage,* an experienced assistant of Hubert Howe Bancroft, received from Janssens' own lips, or copied from documents in his own hand-writing which Janssens made available to him,* the story known as “Vida y Aventuras” of Agustín

Janssens. With the help of Janssens, Savage recorded in Spanish what he received, in a document of 210 pages, which was signed by Janssens on March 26, 1878, and to which an addition of thirteen pages was made with date of April 4, 1878. The complete manuscript follows as it has been translated by Francis Price and edited by William H. Ellison and Francis Price.

For information concerning Thomas Savage's assistance to Bancroft and on his work in Santa Barbara, see Hubert H. Bancroft,*Literary Industries* (San Francisco, 1890), pp. 255-59, 470-73, 523-29.
In a letter of Janssens to Savage, July 11, 1878, it is made clear that Janssens lent many documents to Savage for his use. See Agustín Janssens, “Documentos para la Historia de California,” in Bancroft Library.Besides the assistance of Janssens by word of mouth and with miscellaneous documents, the major source of the “Vida y Aventuras” is Janssens' “Libro de lo que me a pasado en mi vida,” hereafter cited as “Libro de me vida,” MS now on deposit in the Huntington Library. This is a document of 326 pages in Janssens' handwriting. Because of the poor penmanship, the deterioration of many of its pages, and the mixing of French forms and Spanish, translation of the document is very difficult. Savage copied from parts of this document, omitting some details, and in cooperation with Janssens put down the full story of Janssens' experiences in much better form than what was written in the poor handwriting and unassisted composition of Janssens, and although there are a few differences between the two manuscripts, they are of slight consequence.

The story told by Janssens through Savage in the “Vida y Aventuras” is not only one of thrilling adventure in an important period, but it is also a substantial contribution to the history of California during the sixteen years previous to 1850, when California became a state of the United States. In describing unostentatiously and directly the part he played in the frontier scene, Janssens introduces the reader to many acts in a great drama and to major actors in the rapidly moving play.

As a possible aid to readers, the narrative has been broken into twelve parts. Topical headings to characterize what follows in ix each case have been inserted. For clarity and convenience, and especially to give Janssens his proper place in the historic setting, notes have been added, amplifying the lines in certain places, identifying many actors with whom Janssens had association or conflict, and summarizing their services and place in California history. As an aid in this, the editors have used freely, but not exclusively, Hubert Howe Bancroft's volumes on the history of California, and particularly his incomparable *Pioneer Register and Index* at the end of volumes II, III, IV, and V, which remains to date the best reference work for biographical data on characters in the colorful story of early California.

Thanks are due Director George P. Hammond of the Bancroft Library for permission to edit and publish Agustín Janssens' “Vida y Aventuras” and to make copies of Janssens' “Documentos para la Historia de California”; to Mrs. Domenica Lucia Janssens of Santa Barbara, widow of José Ramón Janssens, son of Agustín Janssens, for making accessible copies of documentary material in her possession and for the use of a photograph of Agustín Janssens; and to members of the Publications Committee of the Huntington Library for their help and courtesies in the publication of the book, as well as to Robert V. Hine, Jr., now on the faculty of the Riverside campus of the University of California. In addition, we wish to express our sincere appreciation to Miss Marian A. Jones for her great assistance in the preparation of the manuscript for publication.

WILLIAM H. ELLISON FRANCIS PRICE

Santa Barbara

November, 1953,

VICTOR EUGENE AUGUST JANSSENS (COMMONLY CALLED AGUSTíN JANSSENS.)

The gentleman named as above, who supplied the following historical data for Mr. H. H. Bancroft's use, resides in the city of Sta. Bárba (corner of State and Figueroa Sts.), and is reputed an honorable, intelligent & useful citizen.

During his residence here (since 1856) his fellow citizens called him to fill offices of honor & trust. Elected & re-elected several times County Assessor, and member of the Council, by reason of the latter capacity he repeatedly discharged the functions of Mayor *pro tem*.

The Genl. Govt. also deemed him worthy of confidence appointg him Postmaster of Sta. Bárba, and in the performance of his duties during six years, gave general satisfaction.

Mr. Janssens has cheerfully devoted much of his time, during several days, in narrating the events of his life in Cal. from 1834 when he came from Mex. as a lad, and takes a deep interest in Mr. Bancroft's labors, hoping that they may be crowned with success.*

This statement on Janssens by Savage was written in English. It is unique in this respect and is an exact copy.

Thos Savage

Santa Bárbara,

March 30th, 1878.

The LIFE AND ADVENTURES IN CALIFORNIA

of DON AGUSTíN JANSSENS

I

Early Life of Agustín Janssens

THE NAMES of my parents were Jean Pierre Gabriel Janssens and María Teresa Deheuqueville. According to military service records and documents, my mother was a native of Brussels (Belgium); my father of Paris. It also appears from these records that my father attained the rank of colonel of the French Imperial Army and that he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor and created Chevalier.

My name is Víctor Eugenio Agustín Janssens. I was born in Brussels in the year 1817 (I do not remember the date), two years after the battle of Waterloo. Shortly after this battle my father went to Brussels, and by 1816 he was married.

My father remained in Brussels for some time. He received a decoration from King Louis XVIII but did not go to the convocation. We moved to Ghent and were there at the time its magnificent

cathedral was burned. Later my father decided to go to Spain and crossed France, incognito, as far as Bordeaux, travelling in a private coach accompanied by some officials. There he had an interview with the editor of a Spanish-language newspaper which was seeking to promote a liberal revolution against Ferdinand VII, King of Spain, and force him to take oath to uphold the constitution. This newspaper was called *Diario de la Coruña*, and its editor was Pedro Alejandro Auber, who gave my father a very honorable recommendation so that the liberal chiefs of Spain would show him consideration. With this he 4 embarked, taking my mother and me, for Bilbao.

[Mr. J. has documents officially authenticated which support these assertions.* (Savage)]

The documents referred to by Savage, which are mostly in French, accompany the extensive document of Janssens, "Libro de mi vida," and are also on deposit in Huntington Library.

We arrived there after a wild tempest. My father was very well received and was given a command with the rank of colonel. This was in 1822. In January 1823 we went to San Antonio; there the family was divided. My father went to Coruña, my mother and I to Santander.

Some time later we joined him in London, England, where we lived two years. He was the recipient of courtesies extended by a Committee. There my father made the acquaintance of the Mexican Minister, Gen. Mariano Michelena, who urged him to go with him to Mexico. My father consented, and at the end of 1825 we embarked. We arrived at Vera Cruz after a pleasant voyage, shortly after the abandonment of the Castle of San Juan de Ulúa by the Spanish garrison which had occupied it. The commander, Gen. Barragán, received us hospitably. My mother being ill, it was necessary to remove her to Jalapa, and the general provided an escort of dragoons, in spite of her entreaties that he should not so inconvenience himself.

Later, President Guadalupe Victoria invited my father to enter the military service of Mexico, offering him the rank of general, but my father was somewhat unwell since being in England and wished to rest. His doctor prescribed for him a curative regime which did not suit his festive and happy nature. He played the violin and the clarinet, and my mother the piano, and as a result their was entertainment every evening in our home.

Thus matters went until my father became worse, and after violent attacks which could not be checked even with drastic remedies, he succumbed at eleven o'clock at night. He was buried

Victor Eugene August Janssens COURTESY OF MRS. DOMENICA L. JANSSENS

5 with the honors of his rank by order of President Victoria. His death occurred about the year of our arrival in Mexico; I do not recall the date. Two years later I was sent with Don Francisco Cobos to Salvatierra under the supervision of the Carmelite fathers.

I pursued my primary studies and later went to Celaya, always in the care of the same fathers. There I was very well treated by the best families. After residing in Celaya for some time, I learned that my mother had made her second marriage with a Frenchman named Louis Barthelemy. He sent for me to come to Mexico City. I was reluctant to go because I was happy, but Barthelemy made me believe that my mother was very ill, and so I went to her.

Later, because of business and the death of his parents in France, my stepfather embarked for New Orleans and there died of cholera. My mother bought a ranch near Toluca and from time to time came to Mexico City.

Some acquaintances of my father who were manufacturers of liquors and refiners of sugar wished me to go with them and learn the business. This was agreeable to me, and I sought my mother's permission to accept. At first she did not wish to grant it, but in the end she consented, and I undertook the matter with such energy that at the end of six months I already had learned much of the work. I did not receive pay, but I lacked nothing; they provided me with fine clothes and gave me everything that I needed. They were called Sancieres Fréres. I established good connections with very respectable families and made great progress in the business.

After the inauguration of Gen. Santa Anna as president and Gen. Valentín Gómez Farias as vice-president, Señor Santa Anna in a short time solicited and obtained from the congress permission to return for six months to his hacienda, Manga de Clavo, and left the executive power in charge of Señor Farias.

Farias established in Mexico City a corps of civil guards and a corps of militia artillery. In these corps almost all of the city's youths enlisted. One of the brothers with whom I was associated was one of the adjutants to the president. On the recommendation of my employer we enlisted from the employees of the house and other acquaintances a company of sixty men which was to serve as a guard of honor to protect the person of the president at night. Before organizing we were received by Señor Farias, and he gave us the regulations under which we should conduct the guard and render service. We then proceeded with the organization and named the sergeants, corporals, etc.

I will not take time to give a story of the events of my life in those early days.* Suffice it to say that during the terrible cholera plague, which took thousands of victims, I was one of those attacked but had the fortune to escape with my life.

In his “Libro de mi vida,” pp. 10-14, Janssens gives considerable detail concerning his apprenticeship in the confectionery and liquor manufacturing business, as a member of the military organization guarding the president, his experiences in the cholera plague, and acquaintanceship made with important families at this time, particularly that of Don José Ortiz, into which he and his mother planned he should marry in two years. All of these details had an important bearing on his recognition and service in the colony organization he was soon to join.

I continued occupied with my duties. I went to the hacienda of the Marquis of Vivanco, three leagues from Mexico City, and his manager wished to employ me; but the heat oppressed me, and I returned to Mexico City. This was in 1833.

In 1834 people began to talk of forming a colony in California. Flattering offers were made to me to stay, but I began to want to see other lands and make my fortune without enslaving myself to anyone, although I was only seventeen years old. While turning the matter over again and again in my mind without deciding anything, I met an acquaintance who undertook to talk to me about the colony. He was a young Frenchman named Desforges. In a short time I met with another man named Silva. He also spoke to me of the colony, persuading me to go to the former 7 convent of San Camilo, where those who were forming the company were meeting. Many of my friends were there. Lieut. Col. José María Padrés was director.* After I was presented to him, he talked to me

at length about California in enthusiastic terms, telling me he had only recently returned from that region, that the country was new and promised much. He said that since I understood distilleries, I should do very well, as the missions had large vineyards. In all, he strongly praised the advantages of the country.

José María Padrés was promoted to lieutenant colonel when he came to California as *ayudante inspector* of troops in 1830, after having served for five years as an officer at Loreto. He became inspector of customs in 1831, instigated Echeandía's secularization decree, and was arbitrarily sent to Mexico by Victoria. Here he joined with several other important men in organizing the colony referred to by Janssens and became its director. After the breaking up of the colony in California, Padrés was in 1835 sent to Mexico to be tried on an unsupported charge of revolutionary plotting. See H. H. Bancroft,*History of California* (7 vols., San Francisco, 1886-90), IV, 765.

He told me also that on the next Sunday a dance would be given at San Camilo to be attended by the president, the deputy from California, Don Juan Bandini,* and a great many of the people who planned to go to California. I made ready for Sunday, curious to see everything, especially the colonists, and attended the ball. The hall was decorated handsomely with curtains, wreaths, etc. Shortly after I arrived, there entered President Farias and his retinue, the directors of the colony, Señor Bandini, and a lady belonging to a prominent family of California, 8 Doña María de Jesús Ortega.* With this lady, Señor Farias opened the ball, and afterwards she danced with Bandini.

Of the persons connected with the organization of a colony to go to California, none was more important in California history than Juan Bandini. He came to the northern province with his father perhaps as early as 1819. He engaged in business and served much in public life, being *sub-comisario* of revenues at San Diego in 1828-32. In 1833 he went to Mexico as a member of congress. He came back to California in 1834 as vice-president of the colonization and commercial company which Janssens joined, supercargo of the company's vessel *Natalia*, and inspector of customs for California. Janssens' story throws much light on Bandini's career which is summarized in Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif*., II, 709-10. Bandini's “Documentos para la Historia de California,” given to Bancroft by Bandini's widow, and an original MS, “Historia de California,” left by him at his death, have much material of interest.

The daughter of José María Ortega of Santa Barbara, the wealthy owner of the Refugio Rancho. She became the wife of José Ramirez of Mexico, who served as a military officer in California in 1820-26. On his death she returned to California. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., IV, 761; V, 687; Jesse D. Mason, *History of Santa Barbara County, California* (Oakland, 1883), p.46.

I was very pleased with the appearance of most of the people who were there and who intended to go as colonists to California. I was greatly tempted to go, particularly because the itinerary would include Celaya and Salvatierra, where I might see my old friends. Then they introduced me to the

Señoras Revilla, the families of Coronel, Gumersindo Flores,* Señor Verdusco and his wife. I also had the pleasure of being presented to Don Luis del Castillo Negrete,* who later became district judge.

In spite of the failure of the colony, Gumersindo Flores, who had been a brevet lieutenant colonel in Mexico, became prominent in California affairs, in San Francisco, Monterey, and in Santa Barbara, where in 1842-46 he served as *comandante*, succeeding the old and infirm José de la Guerra.
A Spanish poet and lawyer who came with the colonists to serve as district judge in California. He later came in conflict with Alvarado and went away in 1836, after venting his spite against his opponents in verse and otherwise.

From all sides I heard opinions, both favorable and unfavorable, of the prospects of colonization and about the idea of my going to California. Some recommended it to me because I would gain experience and a quick fortune; others said California was a desert.

I decided to go for two years; and having obtained the permission of my mother for this period of time only, I enlisted.* I 9 was at San Camilo often, and on each occasion the directors showed me more consideration.

At this point in the “Libro de mi vida,” pp. 14-20, Janssens notes two difficulties that confronted him in addition to the opposition of his mother. He had leased and equipped a house for a confectionery business. He also had decided to marry into the Ortiz family, but this was not possible for two years. The first difficulty was solved quickly by someone's taking over the business; the second, by his decision to limit the trip to two years. His mother insisted that he do everything possible to be back before the two years expired, and, if in need at any time or in any difficulty, he was to write immediately. Letters were to be addressed to Señor Don José Ortiz, who would forward them to her. She said to him, “The important thing is that you return.”

When all was ready for the march, ushers or billet finders were chosen who would go ahead to obtain quarters for the colonists in the towns in which they would stop en route. Those named were Don Ignacio Coronel,* Señor Olivier, and myself. (Señor Olivier was a Frenchman who had been a sea captain. He settled at San Juan Bautista, where he married. I don't know whether he is still living.)

The head of the family, Ignacio Coronel, the father of Antonio, a youth of Janssens' age, who had been an officer in the Spanish army, went to California with the Híjar and Padrés colony for service as a teacher at Solano at $1,000 a year. The failure of the colony was a bitter disappointment to him. His friendship for and confidence in Janssens was of great service to the youth. See Coronel, “Cosas de California,” MS in Bancroft Library.

I took leave of my good mother and of my friends and reported at San Camilo to undertake the trip. We ushers left early in the morning.

The first stopping place of the colonists was Tenepantla,* three leagues from Mexico City.

The town was Tlalnepantla. The spelling will be left unchanged in the text.

By the method of travel of the colonists the ladies and children rode in covered carts, shaped somewhat like baskets, and they were so called. Each cart had many occupants—the expedition exceeded three hundred persons. The men travelled on horseback, in formation on each side of the carts, or at least they observed this formation when entering towns.

II

The Híjar and Padrés California Expedition of 1834

THE ORGANIZATION of colonists for California had been proposed by Don Juan Bandini and Don José María Padrés. With the permission and under the auspices of the government, they formed a society called *Compañía Cosmopolita*,* to which were granted certain privileges for carrying out the colonization. The government was obligated to supply the funds and other assistance necessary to establish the colony in California, repayment of advances to be made by the company at its convenience. The colonists would be given lands, animals, implements, utensils, seed, etc.; the entire value contributed was to be repaid later, except that of the lands, which were given free.

See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, 263-69, for further details concerning the organization of the company and persons associated with it.

The families who gathered at San Camilo were maintained at the expense of the government while remaining there. During the trip, the sum of fifty centavos per day was allotted for each adult, and twenty-five centavos for each child. The company's commission took care of paying for the cost of forage and other extras. Lodgings were also paid for by the commission. The greater part of the

people brought some private funds with which to pay their expenses, because the allotments were not sufficient to care for all their needs.

When we ushers arrived at Tenepantla, we presented ourselves to the *alcalde*, who showed us the places in which to billet 11 the families and where to put the horses. In the afternoon rumors began that the colony would not be allowed to leave Mexico City; that there was much opposition on the part of the public because some ill-intentioned and ignorant persons had noised it about that those who came with the colony had joined under duress and against their will. The matter reached such lengths that the crowd, to the accompaniment of insulting words, several times removed the traces of the carts in which our people travelled. Everyone who arrived in Tenepantla gave us different reports.

Finally, the government, recognizing the violence of the mob, provided a squadron of gendarmes as an escort for the colonists. The local authorities, assisted by police, quieted the populace, told them that the colonists were free agents and were going to California voluntarily, in search of better fortune, and gave many other reasons. Then a large part of the city's residents went along the road as far as La Garita.

For these reasons the expedition did not arrive at Tenepantla until 8 p.m. They told us what had happened on their departure and of the serious opposition which the people would have offered had it not been for the sanction and assistance which the government had given to this first colony to leave Mexico. The public thought that we went as exiles to a desert—well, at that time in Mexico to speak of California was like mentioning the end of the world. However, the directors and the government had explained everything and left the citizenry satisfied.

The government stated that it would soon organize two more expeditions to California, because it was negotiating with Switzerland and Germany to secure families who would voluntarily settle in California. According to all expectations, from the information provided by Bandini and Padrés, this was a land which in time would be one of the richest.*

See Janssens' “Libro de mi vida,” pp. 20-22.

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We passed the night in Tenepantla. At daybreak, reveille was sounded. Padrés summoned the ushers and told us that on this same day we must reach Guantitlan, four and one-half leagues away. Upon our arrival there, we prepared everything. Many of the people came out to receive the expedition and offered supplies. The inhabitants of the town deported themselves well. The expedition arrived in town at about three o'clock. After getting settled, they walked about, playing music. I should note that among our colonists were many who knew how to play various musical instruments, some the violin, some the guitar, others the flute, others wind instruments, etc., and there was no lack of many who sang well, from which it may be surmised that on the journey we had very pleasant concerts for ourselves and for the inhabitants of the places through which we passed.

We continued the march, traversing various towns on the route without unusual occurrence, and being always well received, until arriving at San Juan del Rio. Señor Padrés gave us orders, because of certain information which had aroused anxiety, that we should procure a large inn to house all the people, or at least adjoining houses, so that all would be very close together. On the arrival of the expedition, guards were posted so that not too many people could enter our quarters. There had been some activity on the part of the rabble, and it seemed necessary that a large part of the colony remain alerted that night. We were advised that some suspicious persons were abroad, and the town council posted night patrols. Many people gathered in front of the large inn. I undertook to restrain them and then tried to calm them, explaining the purpose of our march. We posted two patrols, one of twenty-five men and the other of ten. Those persons of known good intent were allowed to enter.

On the following day, the number of ushers was increased by two.

We continued travelling uneventfully to Querétaro. There we 13 were very well received and treated. The authorities visited us, and with them were other persons who invited us to remain there the following day, so that we might take a walk, enjoy a rest, etc. This was agreeable to us. On the next morning, they sent us great numbers of baskets filled with victuals, biscuits, and wine, presents of the good people of Querétaro, who treated us with the greatest affection. The following day we

travelled nine leagues and arrived at Celaya. Many important persons came out on the road to escort us and heaped kindnesses upon us. We did not continue our trip the next day; these people would not allow it but honored us with serenades, a dance, and all hospitality within their power. On the following day our tired people could not resist remaining to rest.

Nothing in particular happened to us on the rest of the trip. In Guadalajara and other places more colonists joined us to go to California. Finally we arrived, all safe and well, at Tepic. From Guadalajara the manner of travel was varied because the roads were impassable by carts. On leaving Guadalajara there were bands of robbers and we had to go well prepared. The women as well as the men rode horseback. The little children were carried in baskets suspended between the animals.

In Tepic we were detained about a month or more. We had to wait there pending word of the arrival at San Blas of the two ships which were to take us to California. One was the naval corvette *Morelos* and the other the Mexican brigantine *Natalia* (said to have been at one time a corvette, in which Napoleon I had escaped from the island of Elba—an old ship but as fast sailing as the wind). The *Natalia* had been purchased by some members of the company, paying part in cash, the remainder to be paid in California. A Spaniard named Don José Noriega* came in this 14 ship to collect the balance, and he settled in San Jose after marrying Doña Manuela, daughter of another Spaniard, Don José Zenón Fernández,* who also joined the company with his entire family.

When Bandini and other agents of the colony company bought the ship *Natalia*, José Noriega was made its supercargo. As will be seen later in the Janssens story, the vessel was wrecked at Monterey, and no part of the compensation promised Noriega as business officer of the ship was ever received by him. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, 263.

Noriega later came into prominence just previous to the Bear Flag episode when the band of horses he and Francisco Arce were taking from Sonoma to the Salinas Valley were seized by highwaymen

and taken to the camp of Fremont. Shortly after Vallejo was seized and imprisoned, Noriega was also put in prison for a short time. Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif.*, IV, 754-55.

Fernández was a Mexican teacher who came with the colonists. He taught for a short time in Santa Clara. He became a prominent official after the colony's dissolution and died in 1844.

The long delay in Tepic, necessitated by failure of the ships to arrive on time at San Blas from Acapulco, brought no complaints, as the inhabitants treated us with such generosity that it is not possible to forget it, even now. Many families who had provided for some of the colonists refused pay for anything. They made attractive proposals to all of us to remain there and promised that we would lack nothing. Some of the colonists accepted, and did not continue with the rest to California. But because the government had incurred such great expense the majority believed that we should go on to California.

So advantageous a proposal was made to me that I could not do less than make it known to Don José María Híjar, our director.* He told me that actually the offer was very good for me and that, as it was planned to dispatch the *Natalia* with part of the company (the *Morelos* had not yet arrived), he felt disposed to allow me to remain, promising to write me from California if things went well there. He told me, however, that I should also 15 consult Señor Padrés. That gentleman opposed the idea; he sent for me to come, and he convinced me that all that had been offered me in Tepic could not compare with the advantages I was going to have in California; he convinced me that it was the true Land of Promise. I knew I had no choice but to continue to California. I parted from my friends, and planned to embark on the *Natalia*, on which ship also were to sail Don José María Híjar, Don Juan Bandini, the naval commander Buenaventura Araujo,* the Revilla family, Olivier, and others. We left Tepic for San Blas July 20, 1834; on the second day we arrived there and stopped in the town, but being unable to endure the tormenting stings of the mosquitoes, we went to the seashore. Many of our people were frightened as they had never seen the sea and they believed that it would come over them. Seeing the ships, it appeared to them impossible to go in them—all were terrified.

José María Híjar, a wealthy and influential Mexican of Jalisco, was equally prominent with Bandini and Padrés in organizing the colony company, and he was also named by the government as political chief in California. Like

Padrés and Bandini, he had been to California and was greatly impressed with possibilities there. As was Padrés, he was sent to Mexico in 1835 to be tried for alleged revolutionary conspiracy. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 262-64, 784-85.

This naval officer was dispatched with the colonists to take command of a nebulous fleet of the future which did not materialize. He became involved in California's troubles and was returned to Mexico by Figueroa in 1835.

Many of us wished to go on board at once, but it was late and there was nothing to do but sleep on the sand that night. Quite a few bathed to relieve the stings of the mosquitoes. We passed a terrible night compared with those we had spent in Tepic.

Next day we were asked if we wanted to go on board ship or remain ashore with the others. Learning there were no mosquitoes aboard, we embarked “forthwith.”

Repairs had to be made to the *Morelos* and supplies loaded, which detained us nine or ten days. This irritated us greatly, because we wanted to go on. For some days it rained hard and lightning flashed. One bolt struck a launch, killed a pilot, and injured two other men. This frightened us, but there was no remedy. Some were permitted to go ashore upon condition that they would return aboard in the afternoon. Three, be it for fear of the sea or whatever it was, deserted. I believe that if the 16 women had been given their choice, none would have continued the voyage.

In nine days the rest of the colonists arrived with Vice-Director Padrés and embarked on the *Morelos*.

The next day both ships sailed with the afternoon breeze. Although the *Morelos* set all her sails and studdings, we soon saw that the *Natalia* with only half the canvas could pass her without difficulty. Since it was agreed to travel in convoy, we had to lie to or furl sails so that we would not lose sight of the corvette.

As night gathered, there came a thick fog but with it a good breeze. The officers of our ship apparently decided to go ahead in spite of the fog so that the benefit of the breeze would not be lost. The next day lookouts went to the mast-top to see if the companion ship had come, but it was not in sight. We proceeded onward with a pleasant voyage, although the greater part of the passengers became seasick and hastily stretched out. Some eight or nine of us preferred to sleep

on deck in order to have the fresh air and not see or hear so many seasick people. On passing Cape San Lucas on a beautiful moonlight evening, there appeared on the horizon a small cloud that began to increase in size. The pilot, named Cuevas, who was on watch, was a little old man born on the coast of Baja California. On retiring he told Capt. Juan Gómez, who had come from his cabin, that it would be well to reef the gallant sails and other canvas because the cloud meant bad weather. He knew the coast and the import of such clouds. The captain said his suggestions would be carried out but at the same time did not share his belief in the impending danger. Thereupon, Comandante Araujo (Buenaventura) told me I should not go below, or sleep in my hammock unless I had it on deck over the poop and slept dressed. Sailing Master Cuevas thought the same way about this. The cloud was increasing momentarily, and we lay to, awaiting the blow. Suddenly there came a strong wind. The captain tried to reef sails, that is, the gallants 17 and top-gallants, but now it was in vain; the wind heeled us completely over and there was time only to cover the hatchways and the entry to the cabin so that the ship would not fill with water. The captain cried out to all that they should go to the opposite side, and with great labor we complied and swung the boom which was under water. We moved the cannon to the other side to make a counter balance. We were almost resolved to take to the lifeboat and abandon the ship when it straightened up. If this had not happened the people below would have perished. We on deck, who numbered not more than a handful, could have taken to a boat, but who knows whether, with the sea raging, we could have succeeded in reaching land. As soon as the hatches and cabin were opened we found the passengers more dead than alive; several were injured from having fallen, one on top of the other; the women were almost beside themselves. If these people had been on deck many would have fallen into the water and perished; we who were above were saved by grasping the rope ends.

During the rest of the voyage most of the people were seasick, and we well ones had to care for them. Later, cases of disease began to appear. One died and was buried at sea with appropriate ceremonies. On the following day another died. When we sighted Todos Santos, we had four dead. There we went ashore for a short time; the sick people were envious because we landed.

While we were off some hills, the headlands in front of the port of San Diego, a meeting was held to decide if we should continue to Monterey or go into San Diego. Captain Gómez was against

this latter course because his instructions were to go to Monterey, as were those of the corvette. But the opposition was general, and it was even said that if he would not accede, his authority would be taken away and given Señor Araujo. Gómez was reminded of the bad sanitary condition of the people, the lack of commissary, and other circumstances, and finally he 18 submitted to the necessity. We set course for San Diego the 28th of August, 1834. When the sick people heard that on the next day we would enter San Diego, it was as if they had taken a specific cure for their ills. Almost all lost their seasickness as by a miracle. They appeared on deck with us, pale but exceedingly happy. On seeing the harbor of San Diego, there was a joyful cry of thanksgiving to God, and as we approached the shore, their joy was overflowing. Late on August 29th we anchored finally in the harbor with the flood tide, and when it ebbed we found ourselves high and dry. Almost all of the people went ashore in boats or on rafts made of planks. The captain ordered canvas and blankets taken ashore, because the people refused to return aboard and were going to pass the night on the sand. I, with some others, returned to sleep comfortably in our beds. The women all remained on the sand and their joy was great; we aboard could hear them singing and playing music—and, after all, this was only to be expected.

Don Juan Bandini, whose home was in San Diego, went there, taking with him Don José María Híjar, who held the office of political chief of the territory, also that of director of colonization. The people of the town brought the colonists fruit and other things. In spite of the noise, I slept and knew nothing more until the next morning.

At daybreak, means were provided for unloading what was needed by the families, who were quartered in some large wooden warehouses in which hides and tallow were stored for the ships.

A ship in the harbor, belonging to Don José Antonio Aguirre,* 19 was offered to Señor Híjar to carry such persons as wanted to go to San Pedro, from whence they could easily be transported to San Gabriel. The rest would go by land to San Luis Rey.

This Spanish Basque was a wealthy trader at Guaymas who in 1833-34 owned several vessels and engaged in California trade. As an upper-class Spanish merchant, he kept aloof for the most part

from smuggling and politics, though he was often employed by the government. His importance is shown by frequent references to him in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, IV, and V.

Janssens on occasion served as an agent for Aguirre, who made his home in Santa Barbara from about 1838, where he built an adobe residence that was for years a landmark in the city. After Janssens moved from his rancho to Santa Barbara in 1856, he lived for a period in the Aguirre adobe and when postmaster, made the adobe the post office. See C. H. Cullimore,*Santa Barbara Adobes* (Santa Barbara, 1948), pp. 84-90.

III

The Expedition's Reception in California

AS Señores Híjar and Bandini were to remain in San Diego, I likewise agreed to stay and to overtake the expedition later. I obtained permission for six youths to remain and then go with me to rejoin the body of the colonists.

It was necessary to provide myself with a house, as so many of us could not remain in the home of Bandini. There was lent me a house in the presidio on the hill, which had been the home of the *commandante* and in which Capt. Don José María Estudillo* had lived with his family—an old house but very comfortable. In this house lived those who remained with me, and they needed only to supply their own food. I asked Don Joaquín Carrillo of Baja California (an excellent gentleman —father of the wife of Gen Vallejo, of the mother of Governor Pacheco, and of the wife of Capt. Henry Fitch)* who had a cattle slaughter pen, for meat, but in California meat was not sold—it was given gratis. Doña María Ignacia, wife of Señor Carrillo, treated us in such a kind manner that we could almost look on her as a mother. With

Mission Santa Barbara, 1834 COURTESY OF MRS. EDWARD BOREIN

21 her at that time was the young widow of Capt. Romualdo Pacheco, who died in Los Angeles defending the interests of the national government.* Mother and daughter did everything possible for our comfort, giving us milk, green vegetables, fruit, and whatever else we wished, or which they saw we needed, without accepting a single centavo. They continued to do for others what they did for us during the whole time they were in San Diego. It is impossible to find words of gratitude to describe the generous conduct of these ladies of Señor Carrillo. To have offered them money would have seemed an offense to them. Thus, in the month we passed there before leaving for San Luis Rey, we did not spend even a half-real for our food.

José María was the founder of the Estudillo family in California, one of the most noted of the old families. He had been a faithful officer of Spain and of Mexico—at Monterey in 1806-27 and at San Diego from 1827 until his death in 1830.

Joaquín Carrillo served as a soldier for 22 years. A part of this time he was located in San Diego, where he made his home with his family after retirement. The romantic and irregular marriage of his daughter Josefa to Henry D. Fitch in 1827 is described in detail in Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif.*, III, 140-44. While Joaquín was a highly respected man in his own right, the marriage of his daughter Josefa to Fitch, which was finally regularized, and of another daughter to Mariano G. Vallejo in 1832 added much to his prestige.

Captain Pacheco was killed in December of 1831, in a fight near Los Angeles, when he was marching with a small part of his company to support Governor Victoria. He was made *comandante* in Santa Barbara at the end of 1828 and for a short time in Monterey in 1830. He was married to Ramona Carrillo in 1829. One of the two sons born to them before his death, Romualdo, was more prominent after 1848 than any other native Californian. Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif.*, III, 764.

The same day that I left San Diego, I arrived at a ranch of the Osunas called San Dieguito, where I slept and was provided with all assistance with absolutely no payment. The next day I left for San Luis Rey. There I met the colonists who had gone by land. They were awaiting orders to march. Capt. Francisco Verdusco* and Don Gumersindo Flores were put in charge of the people.

Captain Verdusco was an important figure in the Híjar and Padrés colony. Like his compatriots, he was implicated in the alleged revolt of 1835 and with his family was sent to Mexico.

(Flores was lieutenant colonel of cavalry, and because he opposed the pronouncement in favor of Santa Anna, he was removed from office and exiled; he came, in fact, as a political exile, the same as Buenaventura Araujo and others. Flores was some time later restored to his military post. Figueroa recommended that Flores be restored to rank, and this was, I think, during the first term of Lieut. Col. Gutiérrez as governor of California. In 22 1835, Gen. Figueroa appointed him

administrator of the securlarized mission of San Francisco, or Dolores, succeeding Señor Estudillo. He occupied the post for about two years, and during a part of this time he had as major-domo at the mission Don Francisco Guerrero, a Mexican who came with us in the expedition and who later was sub-prefect of San Francisco.)

These leaders [Verdusco and Flores] lived in quarters which had been provided by Padre Antonio Peyri. The rest of the colonists were lodged in some large granaries and ate in common. They had Indian cooking facilities, meat, and other supplies. I did not like this much, though I enjoyed certain preferences over the others. Soon I sought leave to go to San Gabriel where that part of the expedition was which had gone to San Pedro by sea.

The day I left San Luis, accompanied by Rojas, I slept at Rancho de los Flores which belonged to the mission. No one was there but Indians. The following day I arrived at San Juan Capistrano, which was in the charge of Padre José María Zalvidea; Señor Híjar had come to confer with him, but the latter had left when I arrived.

Padre Zalvidea was a man of great talent and of saintly repute because of his upright virtue. Many attributes were credited to him which were incomprehensible, and for them to be true one must believe he had second sight or was inspired. I was inclined to think that many of these reports were exaggerated, or never happened, but this does not detract from the fact that Padre Zalvidea has been a great figure in the historic scene of California.*

Janssens' tribute to Padre Zalvidea is substantiated by both Father Engelhardt and H. H. Bancroft.

There were at San Juan Capistrano some *gente de razón*,* the major-domo, and a guard of five men, which all of the missions usually maintained.

Literally, *gente de razón* means “people of reason.” In California, the term applied to all persons except Indians.

At the Rancho Santa Ana of Señor Yorba I was very well treated. I was provided with horses and good equipment, all gratis. The same happened to me at Rancho de los Nietos.

I had some curios which I had brought from Mexico, things of little intrinsic worth, and with these I made some presents. At Los Nietos they accepted these gifts of little or no value—things of whim or fancy at best—and the next day they gave me a horse and equipment.

On my arrival at San Gabriel, I found my companions getting along very well indeed; they were given abundantly of whatever there was. Many people came there from Los Angeles for a trip and to meet the people of the expedition who had come from Mexico.

Padre Tomás Esténaga (a Spaniard) was the missionary of San Gabriel, and the administrator of the mission was Lieut. Col. Nicolás Gutiérrez. This gentleman, the padre, Capt. Araujo, and others received me kindly. Seeing the good being done for all, I sought permission to return to San Luis Rey to bring three men who had wished to come with me and who could not obtain permission because those in charge had not known the state of affairs at San Gabriel. These three were Desforges, Silva, and Rojas.

At San Luis, Capt. Verdusco consented to their going with me, but he did not give them horses, and so I went foraging. They could not be had for silver, but finally one Serrano told me he would give me three horses if I would give him my trousers. Fortunately, I had others and I gave them to him. The next day, I started out with my companions who were filled with joy at leaving San Luis Rey. In three days we arrived at San Gabriel and joined the others.

I was anxious to go to Monterey to meet the people who had come in the *Morelos,* and also because my baggage had gone there in the *Natalia*. Besides, there I could see the directors 24 before they left for Sonoma. At that time a good opportunity was presented to me. Justice of the Peace Perez and Don José Antonio Carrillo of Los Angeles* had held the ship of Señor Aguirre in the estuary at San Pedro, charging him with smuggling. Señor Aguirre was going to Monterey to present his complaint to the governor and to the district judge, Don Luis del Castillo Negrete. He was travelling by land, accompanied by his supercargo and a Negro servant. He invited me to go with him and

I accepted. Lieut. Col. Gutiérrez gave me a passport; he was, besides being administrator of the mission, military commander of the south.

For good or for ill, José Carrillo was one of the leading figures in Mexican California. The offices held by him were numerous, and he was involved on one side or the other in the various conflicts in California from 1830 to American acquisition. Janssens had many contacts with him, giving him support when he was standing for the legitimate government. At the end of the conflict with the United States, he signed the Treaty of Cahuenga as Mexican commissioner, and he closed his public life as a member of the constitutional convention in 1849. In addition to Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., II, 745-46, see William A. Streeter, "Recollections of Historical Events in California, 1843-1878," edited by William H. Ellison, *California Historical Society Quarterly*, XVIII, 164, 176.

Señor Aguirre's company contributed nothing I needed for the trip. Padre Blas Ordaz in San Fernando supplied everything.

When we arrived in Santa Barbara, Señor Aguirre was lodged in the house of Capt. de la Guerra,* and the supercargo and I sought accommodations from Don Daniel Hill,* who entertained us hospitably. We offered to pay him but he would accept 25 nothing. Aguirre the next day made apologies for not having introduced us into the home of Capt. Guerra. His excuses were good, but if we hadn't hunted ourselves a place to sleep and eat we would have spent a bad night. After breakfast we went on to Santa Inés Mission, the pastors of which were Padre José Joaquín Jimeno and Padre Juan Moreno.

This was the adobe mansion of José de la Guerra y Noriega, which remains an architectural landmark in Santa Barbara. See Cullimore, *Santa Barbara Adobes*, pp. 22-26. Captain de la Guerra was wealthy, the owner of San Julián Rancho and others, a man of excellent character and conduct throughout his career. At Santa Barbara he was regarded as a patriarch, and respect for him by his family and the community bordered on reverence. On this point, see Streeter, "Recollections," pp. 168-70.

A native of Massachusetts seeking new frontiers, Daniel Hill settled in Santa Barbara in the 1820's, where he married Rafaela Ortega and became a many-sided helper for the native residents, newly arrived Americans, and persons passing through. He was held in high esteem. For sidelights on this interesting character, see Mason, *Hist. of Santa Barbara Co*., p. 46; Y da Addis Storke, *A Memorial and Biographical History of the Counties of Santa Barbara*,...(Chicago, 1871), p. 36; Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 785; Streeter, "Recollections," pp. 161-62.

On the road to Santa Inés, after leaving San Marcos, we had a bad scare, especially Señor Aguirre, who was put in danger. Suddenly we saw a great she-bear up in a liveoak tree, eating acorns. Señor Aguirre got down from his horse and asked his Negro servant for his shotgun. As he aimed at the beast, the Californian who had come with us to show us the way shouted to him to get on his horse

quickly, because the bear would come down and would attack us if the shot missed. The bear came just as Señor Aguirre was about to mount, and it was necessary for the other violently to grasp the bridle so that Señor Aguirre could get on. The bear did not flee but came after us with great speed, and pursued us until we descended into the river. Fortunately, a rancher and a *vaquero* who came to us because of our cries and the noise, managed to distract the bear's attention with their *mochilas*,* and thus we escaped. On descending into the river, we saw another she-bear with three cubs; she did not see us. All the way we saw bears, for it was winter and in that season the acorns were dropping.

Leather saddle covers which could be rolled over the rider's legs for protection against the brush.

After eating at Santa Inés, we continued our trip to Purísima, where the pastor was Padre Marcos Antonio de Vitoria, who received us well.* He did not control the temporalities of the mission; the administrator of the mission was Don Domingo Carrillo (November or December, 1834). This gentleman received 26 us coolly, telling us that there were no horses. However, Señor Aguirre hired some forty horses from a Don José Ortega.* Padre Vitoria welcomed us at his table.

Marcos Antonio de Vitoria was 75 years old at the time Janssens met him, and he had served 30 years as a respected missionary.

Son of José María Ortega, who first obtained the Refugio Rancho. Members of the Ortega family were operating this vast and well-stocked rancho when Janssens passed through. The horses referred to by Janssens were from the Refugio Rancho.

(Don Domingo Carrillo was at odds with Padre Vitoria, and had him removed. The cold manner of Don Domingo greatly irritated Señor Aguirre, who was an intimate friend of Capt. de la Guerra, married to a sister of said Domingo—they were all kinfolks. He had previously been angry with the other brother, Don José Antonio, who had seized his ship in San Pedro, as I have said before. That is why Aguirre refused to accept any aid or favor of Don Domingo Carrillo, and he intended not to ask more favors of anyone on the trip.)

At the missions of San Luis Obispo, San Miguel, and San Antonio (in the last was Padre Vásquez del Mercado) we did very well. At Soledad, we arrived in the afternoon and found the padre without food even for himself. We ate entirely of provisions we put on the table and the padre ate with us.

He was a padre known to have suffered much without complaint. He should have had aid from his president, who was in Santa Clara, but he truly spent the life of a hermit. (I believe his name was Padre Abella.) Señor Aguirre sympathized greatly with him, and as we would arrive at Monterey the next day, we left all our supplies with him—wine and everything else we had brought—taking with us only what was needed for our midday meal.

On the night of the day following, we arrived at Monterey. I went to stay at the home of Don Joaquín Gómez, and there I found the director of our expedition, Don José María Híjar. Señor Gómez recognized me, and on inquiring, it developed he had known my parents. He took me in his arms and told me he had known me when I was ten years old, as he had lived in our 27 home in Mexico City, Calle de la Palma No. 4. He said that whenever I was in Monterey I must stay in his home. When I arose in the morning, I saw in the bay the corvette *Morelos* and the brigantine *Natalia*. The corvette had returned from San Francisco, where it had gone to unload the more bulky baggage of the colonists.

I went to see Don ángel Ramírez of Salvatierra (Morelia),* customs administrator, married to Doña Francisca Herrera; and Don José María Herrera,* fiscal commissioner. Don Joaquín Gómez had recommended me to them. Conversing with Ramírez, I remembered having seen him one evening in the salon of Vice-President Gómez Farias, when I was a militiaman and he was captain of a company of volunteers. Here I learned that Ramírez had been a Brother of Mercy. He offered me his assistance, as Herrera did also, but I could accept nothing from them before going to Sonoma, where the expedition had arrived.

When Janssen first saw ángel Ramírez in Mexico, he was serving as commander of the bodyguard of Vice-President Gómez Farias. As an ex-friar, an ex-revolutionist, and an intriguer, he was not a trusted man in Mexico. He was sent to faraway California, where strangely enough in 1834 he was placed in charge of the Monterey customhouse. From the first he flouted conventional morality, spent money freely, and had many troubles. Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif*., III, 587-88; V, 687.
José Herrera came to California with Echeandía as *comisario de hacienda* for the territory and was expelled in 1830 for complicity in the Solís revolt. In 1834 he came back to California to resume his old position as manager of the territorial finances. He was exiled again in 1836, particularly because of refusal to support the Alvarado government.

At Monterey, Señor Híjar asked Gen. Figueroa if he was going to deliver over the authority, and if he recognized the colony with Híjar as director. If not, it would be re-embarked on the ships which had brought it, and which still were at his disposition.

Figueroa saw the determination of the commander of the *Morelos*, Don Lucas Manso, and he answered that he would respect the orders of the national government relating to the 28 colony and its directors. As soon as the official orders arrived he would deliver the authority. But he did all this because he saw that Señor Manso, who was depending on his cannon, was determined to take the colonists with him, believing that Figueroa would not fulfill the order for the colonization.

The truth of the matter is that Señor Figueroa did not intend to deliver either political or military authority as demanded, the former to Híjar and the latter to Lieut. Col. Padrés. His refusal to deliver the civil authority was based on an order, received by special post which came from Mexico by land and emanating from President Santa Anna (who had resumed the executive power), that Híjar should not be placed in possession of this office. With respect to the military power, Figueroa told Padrés that the order he bore was purely conditional, since the authority was in Figueroa himself, and while he might wish to renounce it because of his ailment, he had no intention of doing so. Padrés was now in Sonoma, and Híjar went to join him. At that time the mission of San Francisco Solano was under the charge of Padre Lorenzo Quijas in matters spiritual. I believe it had been secularized and converted into a military post with Lieut. Mariano G. Vallejo* in command. There were many Indians, perhaps three thousand.

Although only 26 years old in 1834 when he was sent to secularize Solano Mission, Mariano Vallejo was already an important figure in California history, having been almost continuously in military and governmental service since he was 15 years of age. By 1835 he was an independent and powerful man in California. A debt is owed to him for his preservation of voluminous documentary material. Of this Bancroft says: “His collection of *Doc. Hist. Cal*. is a contribution of original data that has never been equalled in this or any other state.” Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif*., V, 757-59.

The directors resigned themselves to await the assistance of the government in establishing the colony.

The Sunday before my trip to Sonoma, Don Joaquín Gómez wished to extend invitations to Captains Gómez of the brigantine *Natalia* and Branch of the American packet *Europa* (the only ships in the harbor). By now, the *Morelos* had gone to Mexico. 29 He entrusted me to deliver the invitations. On the beach I found Capt. Branch, who promptly accepted and wished to take me aboard his ship and that of Capt. Gómez. A little later, however, he stopped and looked at the Point of Pines, and he did not like the aspect; therefore, he begged to be excused by Don Joaquín but offered, in passing the *Natalia*, to give the message to Capt. Gómez. He advised me not to go aboard and I followed his advice. Had I gone, I would have experienced great danger. The captain feared a storm from the north, or northwest, and went aboard his ship in great haste.

Don Joaquín Gómez regretted the circumstance. We seated ourselves at the table, and about halfway through the meal the wind began to blow, increasing more and more each moment. Soon a servant entered and reported that the frigate was lowering its spars. We ran to the corridor and witnessed the labors of the seamen. Some of us went to the beach. The wind was so strong that it blew down several pine trees and tore off some roof tiles.

On the brigantine *Natalia* the anchor chain was broken. The crew threw out another anchor, and that also was lost. Sail was hoisted on the sprit, which was even more futile. The frigate was fortunate in having no cables broken and so didn't lose an anchor, although nothing remained standing but the main masts.

The *Natalia* hoisted a signal flag seeking help, but it wasn't possible to render it, for the customs boat capsized in the surf. The brigantine drifted toward the Salinas River, but before it arrived there, the sea drove it ashore in front of the sand dunes. Efforts were made to bring the prow to the shore, but they were not successful, and she beached broadside. We all rushed there to see if we could save those who had fallen or been flung into the water, and some sailors were dragged from the surf.

Aid arrived, sent by Capt. Muñoz, *comandante* of artillery. Muñoz himself came, and many people from Monterey, all 30 setting to work with determination. But the most outstanding among them was a young Negro cook of Don Joaquín Gómez named —. No sooner did he arrive at the beach

than he threw himself into the water and brought in some of the shipwrecked men. Once on the dry land, they were given needed assistance. The little old man, Sailing Master Cuevas, of whom I have spoken before, was on one of the garrison tables, and from there the little Negro took him and brought him to land. Capt. Gómez was on the deck but was stunned by the spars and other things which had fallen upon him. From there the little Negro rescued him also.

A Swiss came in with the surf, and with great labor and under great risk of being carried away by the waves, we succeeded in saving him. Three more men were carried in, but before they could be succored, the sea took them and they perished—these were the cook and two sailors from the brigantine. Everyone now having been pulled out, Misteril, the Swiss, was carried in blankets to the house where he was given the care his condition required.

A guard was left to recover whatever might be cast up from the ship, as it contained cargo which must be taken to Sonoma, such as provisions and barrels. At midnight the ship broke in two, and some of the guard barely escaped death. Later there was great looting of the cargo, and from tracks the stolen barrels were discovered buried in the sand of the dunes.

At last I decided to go to Sonoma, and I requested a passport from Señor Figueroa to go and return. He then told me that if I thought of arriving at San Francisco before the 31st of December, he would give me an official letter for the *comandante*, by virtue of which the civil authority of the jurisdiction of San Francisco would be vested in the newly appointed *alcalde*. I answered that I would be there before the 1st of January, 1835. He entrusted me with two official letters, one for the *comandante* and the other for the *alcalde*.

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On the following day I left for San Juan Bautista and met there Don Gumersindo Flores with a part of the colonists. I departed at will without being much delayed. Don José Castro* and others told me that if I should sleep in the house of Don Carlos Castro,* I would find the host there an entertaining man. Although he was in the habit of discouraging travellers, I should pay no attention to him, because these ill humors left him easily. Desforges and Rojas went with me. That night we

wanted to go on without knocking at the door of Don Carlos Castro, but it was very late and we had to seek lodging with him. This he gave us. We unsaddled, but as soon as we stabled the horses, Castro commenced to insult us. The first thing he said was that we came as fugitives. I said it wasn't so, and in proof of my assertion, presented my passport. Then he said that the General was no better than we were. He asked where the horses we brought had come from, and I answered that they were mine. To have no more words, I asked that he do us the favor of giving us our horses so that we could go at once. “No,” said he, “I am in charge of my ranch and will not give you the horses.” As I was not known in those places and as I had been warned, I tried to meet old Castro's treatment with calmness, though I was tired of his unbearable insults. Indeed, he even called us *cholos* [mongrels]. His wife and daughters told us not to pay attention to what he said, as it was only his manner and it meant nothing.

At the time Janssens saw him, José Castro, a member of the *diputación*, was 24 years of age and had been in official positions for six years. A year later he was acting governor from September 1835 to January 1836. He was perhaps the most prominent of the numerous Castros in California and was active on one side or the other in every conflict.
Carlos Castro was not directly related to José Castro, and he was not a prominent historical figure.

It was after eight when the lady finally came and told us that supper was ready. We wanted to enter but we feared the old man. At last he came out and invited us to enter and eat. When 32 we were about through with the meal, he said: “Well, they devour well; they must have been starved for many days; they stuff themselves.” I was so angry that I started to walk out. My companions did the same, but Señor Castro had closed the door and we couldn't leave. “No, señor,” said he, “you shall not go until you have finished.” Resistance was of no avail. Finally, when he saw we were thoroughly aroused, he burst forth: “Come, friends, forgive all that I have said to you; I am your friend, and this is the only amusement in my life. When people are angry I am pleased with them, and so it has been with you; let us talk and eat in the bosom of my family, who likewise are embarrassed.”

(On one occasion Castro thought for a moment that he was in peril of his life for having thus treated Lara, a comedy actor who had been there, and who came in the expedition. Lara, upon being

abused, pretended fury, and threatened to strike the old man. In this way he succeeded in calming him, and the latter closed the matter as he did with everyone.)

We had a general conversation about our trip. Señor Castro told us he had been to Mexico and talked to us of several towns as if he had been in them. However, we decided that he was speaking from hearsay, and that he had never been in Mexico. He was an ancient old-timer with many memories. He offered us the hospitality of his house when we should return. Finally, a complete transformation appeared in him. While he had at first been impatient, he now changed to kindliness. The family all were most friendly. We departed on the following day after breakfast. (Of course they would not let us pay for anything.)

At the Hernández ranch we were asked about what had happened to us at Castro's house. We told them and they laughed heartily. There we saw Señorita Hernández who was very kind, fine, and elegant, and also of the greatest beauty. She had all the manners of a young lady reared in the best society of city 33 culture. I believe she was the most beautiful girl I had seen from Los Angeles to this place.

We stopped at the home of an Ortega family before entering the Pueblo of San Jose, and they received us well. They would not permit us to pay, but I made some presents to the children. In fact, we had learned from Señor Padrés in Mexico that in California one travelled without paying anything. Having been advised in Mexico, I had brought novelties such as eardrops, rings and other little things, and glass beads to give the Indians.

We travelled swiftly in order to reach San Francisco on time with the government papers. On the night of the 30th of December, 1834, we arrived at Mission Dolores, of which Don Joaquín Estudillo* was administrator. I presented my passport to him, and told him of the papers which I carried and of their contents. The judge-elect was Señor Haro.* Great was the pleasure felt by Señor Estudillo on learning that they were going to have freedom from military government, for, as was known, Señor Vallejo was something of a tyrant to the inhabitants. Estudillo, his wife Doña Juana, and their daughter, Concepción, treated us with a kindness which no one could forget. He

and others accompanied us to the old presidio, and when the citizens who were there learned that I brought the orders to set up the civil government in that locality, each one was full of gladness and took pains to entertain me. They would not allow me to return to the mission. That night, in celebration, a grand ball was held and entertainment was provided.

José Joaquín Estudillo, son of José María. He had held several offices before being named *comisionado* to secularize the San Francisco mission in 1834-5. One of his distinctions was that four of his daughters married prominent Americans: Concepción married John B. Ward; María de Jesús became the wife of William H. Davis; Magdalena married John Nugent; and Dolores was wedded to Charles H. Cushing.
Francisco de Haro had served in numerous military and political capacities previous to his becoming *alcalde* at San Francisco in 1835, a post he filled in those troubled times until 1838.

The following day, the 1st of January, 1835, delivery of the letters was acknowledged and authority was transferred. Don Mariano G. Vallejo, *comandante*, delivered the baton (insignia of the office of *alcalde*) to Señor Haro, with the customary formalities and ceremonies; speeches were made, all was well, and the people were very contented. That same afternoon at three, I returned to the mission.

On the 2nd of January at noon, Señor Vallejo, Sergt. Dolores Pacheco with some of his family, two travelling companions, and I embarked at the place called Yerba Buena, in a launch operated by an Indian named Celso, for the estuary of Sonoma. We sailed with a good breeze, but at a little after three the sky clouded and soon a tempest was manifest. Every moment during the night the launch was filled with water. All helped at the oars, and even the women had to bail out water with our hats. After severe exertions and imminent danger of shipwreck, we arrived in the channel. There we landed. Señor Vallejo and the sergeant left at eleven o'clock that night for Sonoma, and the rest of us stayed in a wooden barrack there. The following day horses were sent for us, and although the creeks were swollen, we started out and arrived safely in Sonoma. Each one of us carried on our saddle one of the young Pachecos. We rode on the croup. After my arrival at Sonoma and upon telling my companions that I had come for a brief time and must return to Monterey, they said that they would not let me go. The winter appeared very severe and as I was afraid of crossing the bay on which we had barely escaped death, I decided to pass the winter there.

The loss of the *Natalia* was deeply regretted, for it cut off the only means of returning to Mexico, and it was greatly feared that the agreement made when the members enlisted to come to California would not be performed. However, all were loyal to the colony, although discontented with the conduct of Señor 35 Vallejo toward them. It seemed that there had been some plotting between Gen. Figueroa and Vallejo, all undercover and mysterious. Híjar and Padrés bore everything with patience.

Figueroa and Vallejo stated that they would obey the orders of the central government, but whenever any assistance was asked of them, they raised obstacles.

36

IV

Collapse of the Colony: Governor Chico's Turbulent Administration THE COLONY at Sonoma began cultivation for the winter plantings. Some cut trees and cane, and all were engaged in the work. Several times it happened that the oxen turned loose by them in the evening could not be found the next morning, and afterwards it was discovered that they had been taken away to a great distance. This was recognized as an attempt to delay the work. Many of the colonists were furious on learning what had happened. One time there came a great chief of the Indians, named Daniel, who offered his services to the directors of the colony. He came with all of his people, about five hundred men with bows and arrows and many women. Most of the warriors were completely naked. Their women, to be sure, had their private parts covered. The colonists from Mexico on seeing these Indians stark naked went running, terrified, to hide; others covered their faces because they weren't accustomed to such spectacles. It was said that the *rancherías* of Daniel could muster up to three thousand warriors, and perhaps more.

Vallejo's military company offered to defend us. We were about three hundred well-armed men, too large a number to be ignored by the government at Monterey or by Señor Vallejo, and in fact able to replace them with the legitimate authorities appointed by the central government of Mexico. But neither Señor Híjar nor Señor Padrés would permit anything to be done 37 against the

government or to disturb the public peace. They were determined to return to Mexico if they were not recognized. They wanted everything done in peace and good harmony. This was exceedingly difficult or, rather, impossible because it was known that the plan of General Figueroa was not only to refuse to surrender authority, but also to dissolve the colony.*

Refusal to surrender authority as *jefe politico* to Híjar was not necessarily Figueroa's idea, but it was the order of President Santa Anna. Whether Figueroa planned to disrupt the colony or not is uncertain.

Señor Híjar had orders to secularize the missions in part, and to provide school teachers for the Indians. There had come with the colonists certain capable individuals engaged to undertake this duty, such as Don Ignacio Coronel, Don Mariano Bonilla, Romero, Victor Prudon, Florencio Serrano, and Don José Zenón Fernández. There was one for each mission. The reverend fathers were to continue as missionaries to convert the gentiles. Híjar also had to organize the pueblos.

None of this suited those who surrounded Señor Figueroa. They wished to operate the missions as they pleased, to enrich themselves, and to squander the possessions of the Indians. This couldn't be done if the missions were in the hands of the people arrived from Mexico, whom they accused of wanting to do that which they themselves were doing, and which they hoped might be accomplished later at their pleasure. Señor Híjar with his regime would have clipped their wings.*

It should be noted that after observing conditions in California following his arrival, Figueroa wrote to Mexico advising against proceeding with secularization, and citing the opinions of Padres Durán and García Diego in opposition to it. Very soon after the Híjar and Padrés plan for the colony got under way, the Mexican congress ordered immediate secularization of the missions. Figueroa therefore had no choice in the matter, and by proclamation dated August 9, 1834, he ordered the secularization of ten missions. His early death relieved him of responsibility for the ruthlessness of the secularization which followed. The questions of Figueroa's relations with Híjar, Padrés, and the colony are fully treated in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 270-98.

After a three months' stay in Sonoma without hope of 38 progress, as the colonists were continually accused of plotting revolution (plots which I believe existed only in the fevered brains of their accusers) I resolved, with others, to leave and proceed to Monterey.

I started with four others in a launch for Yerba Buena, carrying my baggage. After leaving the Sonoma channel, we noticed that our steersman inclined always toward the coast near the Mission San Rafael. We questioned the Indian boatman, who replied that he was awaiting the ebb of the

tide in order to go with it; at last he turned toward the entrance to San Rafael as though to wait for the currents. This seemed correct to us, but as soon as we approached rather near to the shore, we became suspicious. However, it was now too late, for we were on a sand bar. After being in this situation a short time, we saw ahead of us on a hill eight armed men. At once we realized that the boatman had orders to do what he did. The armed men approached the launch on the gallop and ordered the delivery of our arms. The sergeant told us what was very evident from the first, that any resistance would be futile. He told us also that all of our people in Sonoma had likewise been disarmed. While they were at mass, the soldiers of Vallejo went to their habitations and took their arms. The few who were at home made no resistance—the directors would not permit it, saying that those who wished to follow them could return with them to Mexico.

I showed the sergeant my passport to go and return, which Gen. Figueroa had given me, and this sufficed, because they didn't take my weapons.

As soon as the tide came in we left for Yerba Buena, and on passing the ships there, we learned that one of the directors of the colony was aboard a Russian frigate. [I believe it was the frigate *Rosa*. (Savage)]

Landing on the beach, we took the road to the Mission San Francisco Dolores. I told Señor Estudillo what had happened 39 to us, and he told us that it was a plan concocted by Figueroa, Vallejo, and others, calculated by any means possible to dissolve the colony and to remove Híjar and Padrés from power so that they themselves would have more freedom. He told me that at the high mass in Sonoma the same thing happened; that is, the colonists' weapons were taken from their houses; that the part of the colony which had come by land to Santa Clara should by now be disarmed; and that those who were already in Santa Clara did not want to make room for the rest who were coming by way of the Carquinez Straits to join the directors.

I stayed a few days at the mission with the Estudillo family. Then, with the aid of the horses with which I was provided, I went to Santa Clara. I did not go back again to see Híjar or Padrés.

At Santa Clara I found a great part of the colony. Its members had been ordered not to leave the place. Among their enemies was one who had come with us—Vargas Machuca. He intimated to me that I should not leave the mission, and I said that he might give orders to those who had come with me, but that I had an open road. Then he definitely ordered me not to leave and finally that I should not go twenty *varas* from the mission. I did not wish to show him my passport from Figueroa, for I wanted to see how he treated people; if I had shown the passport I could have arranged any trip I wished.

The reverend fathers of the mission gave their help, not by order of the government, but out of compassion and benevolence.

The following Saturday I went on foot to the Pueblo of San Jose, to see Judge Antonio María Pico, whom I told what had happened to the poor people of the colony, and showed him my passport.* He promised to go the next day to Santa Clara and do what he could to remedy the matter. Then I returned to the 40 mission on a horse which Señor Pico lent me. Vargas and his allies on sight of me wanted to reprimand me for having left Santa Clara. When they saw that I had come on a horse of the government of San Jose, they calmed down and did not attempt to arrest me, because they feared my friends.

It was fortunate for Janssens' cause that he approached Alcalde Pico, a man of ability and strength of character.

On Sunday at the hour of high mass Señor Pico was there. The colonists gathered and were informed that the government had disarmed them as a precaution; but that all of them were free to go forth or remain; that the missions had been ordered to help them. With this the people were made content. I and the four who had come with me from Sonoma took the road for Monterey; their names were Meneses, Rojas, Desforges, and Dávila. After a quick trip we arrived at Monterey, and each one of us went to his lodging. Later, Ignacio Coronel and his family arrived, and they took a little house near the creek.

Don Agustín Olvera,* who followed the trade of shoemaker, went with Señor Argüelles, who had a shoe shop in one part of the house which Don José Abrego occupied. Each one sought his own

way of life. Gatherings were held in the home of Don Ignacio Coronel. All the people were very entertaining; various ones played musical instruments. We had good harpists and guitarists, and thus we could easily amuse ourselves. Señor Figueroa did not like our gatherings and kept an eye on Señor Coronel.

As a youth, Agustín Olvera accompanied his uncle, Ignacio Coronel, to California with the Híjar and Padrés colony. After the breakup of the colony he became prominent, serving in many official capacities under Mexico. In 1847 he was one of the official signers of the Treaty of Cahuenga. After the United States acquisition, he became a lawyer; a judge of the first instance in 1849; county judge, 1850-53; a supervisor, 1856-57; and later a receiver in the land office. Bancroft,*Hist. of Calif*., IV, 758-59.

The colonists had contact with Don José Amesti,* a Spaniard, 41 married to Doña Prudenciana Vallejo, sister of Don Mariano. Amesti owned a ranch called Palo Colorado, and he suggested to Coronel that he would give him the ranch to manage on a half share of all products. On the ranch was a great forest of redwood timber where a sawmill could be operated. Coronel suggested that we join with him in the hard life of a rancher, and we agreed. Don Ignacio Coronel had his son Antonio, and his nephew Agustín Olvera. I joined, too, as did Rojas, Meneses, and Desforges. As sawyers, we had Matias Sabichi, and Italian, and the Swiss, Misteril. We undertook the setting up of the sawmill. In front of the house was a plain that went down to some willows, and it was decided to cultivate it all. It was surrounded by redwoods, and preparations were made for a great planting of corn, beans, melons, vegetables, and other things. Some went to cut timber, others stayed on the ranch. The family of Coronel set up a dairy. The sons of Don Sebastián Rodríguez and of Don José María Villavicencio helped us. We built a house of adobes, as there was only a large barrack for housing, and everything was orderly.

This Spanish Basque who arrived in Monterey in 1822 promptly swore allegiance to Mexico and became in time a prominent citizen and merchant of the Monterey district and a large landowner. Contact with this able and prosperous man was a godsend to the Coronels, to Janssens, and several other excolonists.

Everyone admired our great plantation. It was not necessary to pay for the products. All ranches ordinarily produced only what could be consumed—therefore lumber was the only real commercial activity.

When the new house was dry, the old one was burned, and with it, everything—I don't know why. Soon afterwards the wife of Coronel and a baby, which she had borne a few days before, died. Thus he lost almost all he had.

We pursued our labors. The planted fields occupied a large area and produced much more than we could consume or barter. Melons and vegetables we gave free to the neighbors who could take what they wanted. I stayed at the ranch with the family because I wanted to see how affairs went and to watch over my interests in the activities.

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Col. Mariano Chico,* political chief and *comandante general*, brought a letter from my mother entrusted to him for me. One day there arrived from Monterey a *vaquero* with a memorandum or letter from Señor Chico which said in part: “On receiving this, come in regard to matters personal to you,” without further explanation. I wanted to defer the trip to another time, but the messenger told me that when the general ordered anything, it had to be done, and that I should prepare to go without delay. I speeded my departure and gave to the family of Coronel my share of the assets, in case I should not return.

On the death of Governor Figueroa, José de Castro became his ad interim successor, to be followed shortly by Nicolás Gutiérrez, who in turn was replaced by Mariano Chico, a Mexican appointee who was thus rewarded for his support of the reactionary centralist movement in Mexico. Bancroft notes that he was often referred to as the most hated governor of California, where he remained but three months.

I travelled all night and before sunrise arrived at the home of Don ángel Ramírez at the coffee hour. I asked if they knew why Señor Chico wanted me. They told me only that when he came he had asked for me because he knew my mother.

Chico received me very well and would not let me return to the ranch. He offered me his house and his protection and gave me a letter from my mother. The letter was written for her by another, though signed by herself. It was dated at the end of 1835 from Mexico City. I was afraid that my mother was ill. Orders also had come to take me to Mexico if I wished to go, and I was to be provided promptly with means. I decided to go, but Chico detained me, saying I should wait until

he returned to Mexico. The families of Castillo Negrete and Coronel also advised me that I should wait, that in any event we should all go together. Finally I decided to stay.

Some time had now passed since the arrival of Chico. Political affairs were taking a bad turn. It was said Don Francisco Javier Negrete, secretary of government, would go on a mission to 43 Mexico, and if he should be unsuccessful, then Chico and the others would go—at least, so the matter was being discussed.

Shortly, difficulties occurred between Cosme Peña,* Judge Ramón Estrada,* and Señor Chico, because the latter had sent an order to the judge to make a prisoner of Don José María Castañares.* Estrada, by advice of his counsel, attorney Peña, refused to obey it. Then Chico repeated his order. Meanwhile, Don José Abrego* and delegate Herrera undertook to mediate, and a settlement would have been reached, but Lieut. Terán, the adjutant general, arrived, and he told Chico that Estrada would not obey. Chico was infuriated, and went in person to the judge's home and threatened to imprison him in his own house. Cosme Peña would have been arrested but he fled, leaping through a window. He fell into the back yard of Don Joaquín Gómez* and was covered with mud. As for Señor Estrada, few words 44 were wasted. Chico told him: "You know that the *comandante general* rules in military matters, as the political chief rules in civil matters." Afterwards, he went straight to the guard, had two cannon emplaced before his house, one on each side of its door which was inside the presidio, and summoned what little force he had.

A lawyer who came with the Híjar and Padrés colony to act as counselor.
At the time of these events Ramón Estrada, a youth of but twenty-five years of age, was filling the important office of *alcalde* at Monterey.
In addition to the troubles of the handsome José Castañares recorded here by Janssens, his amours became a source of scandal in Monterey and his better judgment soon took him to Mexico, but he returned to California in 1840 and held various minor offices.
A Mexican hatter and merchant trader who came with the Híjar and Padrés expedition, and shortly thereafter opened a store in Monterey. He soon became a prominent citizen and held various local and territorial offices from 1836 to 1846. After the United States occupation, he chose to hold only local offices and returned to his mercantile and manufacturing pursuits.
From 1834 to the American occupation, José Joaquín Gómez was an important man in California. While *regidor* at Monterey in 1834, he built the ship *Peor es Nada*, which was used by Isaac Sparks of Santa Barbara in removing from San Nicolás Island the last Indians of the Channel Islands. In 1835 he was again

regidor at Monterey, commissioned to secularize San Carlos, and grantee of Verjeles Rancho. It was at this rancho between Monterey and San Jose that Thomas O. Larkin, American consul, was taken prisoner by the Californians and carried south. Larkin thought highly of Gómez and reported him to the government in Washington as a man of property and character. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 758-59.

Now previously, if I remember well, Chico had sent Don Francisco del Castillo Negrete* to Mexico on a pretended commission to recover the funds of California, and to seek aid to develop California, establish new missions, etc. Negrete was likewise directed to seek troops (one thousand men) to augment his forces and make his authority respected, to guard the coasts, protect the new missions, and cover all the frontier points. He formulated plans on a grand scale and granted to the widow of Emperor Iturbide lands and privileges to found a city in the valley of the San Joaquin River. He feared that the country would fall into other hands if the national government did not give it due preference.

Negrete came to California with the Híjar and Padrés colony, as did his brother Luis. Though not as brilliant as Luis, he was more popular. He shortly became secretary of the *ayuntamiento* at Monterey, and later secretary to Governor Chico, who sent him on a mission to Mexico just before his departure.

The trouble with Estrada put matters in a very bad state, and they were becoming worse every day. There were very few people in Monterey. The troops which were at Chico's disposal were in San Gabriel and Los Angeles, under command of Don Nicolás Gutiérrez* and Don Pablo de la Portilla,* who was the 45 captain of the Mazatecos. Chico had been at one time at the Mission San Juan Bautista, of which Don José Tiburcio Castro was administrator. Castro was a simple man without great knowledge, and for this reason could not answer with assurance the various questions which Chico asked about the state of the mission. Chico said he would not do as administrator. Castro quit his position and it was given to Don José Castro, his son.

During Chico's governorship, Nicolás Gutiérrez was military commandant in the south. He had come to California in 1833 and was at once promoted to lieutenant colonel. He became acting *comandante general* from October 8, 1835, to January 2, 1836, and *jefe politico* and *comandante general* to May 3 of that year. On Chico's departure, Gutiérrez served as provisional governor and *comandante general* from September 6 to his overthrow by Alvarado on November 4, 1836. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 772.
As captain of the Mazatlán cavalry company, Pablo de la Portilla saw service in California for a number of years previous to 1836, being stationed most of the time at San Diego. He frequently took part in Indian expeditions and military trials. He gave some support to Chico and a little later to Gutiérrez, joined in the southern opposition to Alvarado, and served as *comandante general* under Carlos Carrillo. After Carrillo's defeat he left California for Sonora. Further information on him may be found in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., IV, 782.

A very grave difficulty arose with the town of Santa Barbara, which would not permit the removal of Padre Narciso Durán,* as Chico had ordered to be done. Padre Durán had sided with Padres José Joaquín Jimeno and Marcos Antonio de Vitoria, whom Chico had denounced for lack of respect toward him in purposely denying him due honors when he had arrived at Santa Inés Mission. For this and for other reasons, Chico insisted that he would punish "those monks." Padre Durán saw no fault in them, and made it known. I remember that Don Domingo Carrillo* utilized the feeling against Padre Durán, telling Chico that the padre was hostile to the institutions of Mexico, having 46 always refused to swear to the constitution or to sing masses on the national anniversary. I do not know what was the purpose of Don Domingo. At Monterey it was said that he was to blame for the violent methods which Chico chose to use against Padre Durán. Furthermore, Don Domingo was very ill-disposed toward Padre Vitoria with whom he had had differences at La Purísima a few years before.

From 1806 to 1833 Padre Narciso Durán served at San Jose and from 1833 to 1846 at Santa Barbara. Although he engaged in a number of controversies and wrote many bitter words, he was highly regarded by his superiors and even by his adversaries. He was especially popular and influential at Santa Barbara in his later years. When his independence and convictions were involved, Durán would stand his ground no matter who the opponent was. A case in point was the involvement with Chico noted by Janssens. Durán's work as a missionary is summarized in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, II, 786; Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, *The Missions and Missionaries of California* (4 vols., San Francisco, 1908-16), III, chs. 10-16; and in his *History of the Santa Barbara Mission* (San Franciso, 1923).

His full name was Domingo Antonio Ignacio Carrillo. For a member of years previous to 1838 he rendered commendable service in military and civil offices. In 1830 he was moved to Santa Barbara, where he served as elector, acting *comandante*, and supporter of Victoria. In 1834 he became administrator of Purísima, and in 1836 he was made *comandante* at Santa Barbara. As a result of opposition to Alvarado, he was relieved of his office of *comandante*. Bancroft found no record of him after 1837.

Of artillerymen, Chico had only a few youths to serve the two guns. In the fort at Monterey, there was an officer named Cosío with six soldiers who had orders not to surrender it but to die in its defense. Cosío was in a great sweat because if they attacked he had to stand or die. Chico was valiant and audacious and trusted no one. Several nights during these difficulties, Chico disguised himself and went out to see how things were going.

Don José Castro appeared one day at the house of the *comandante general*, with whom he had had friendly relations, and told him that he knew that there had been lacking toward him the respect and consideration which his person and office deserved. He offered his services to support his authority and said that he would bring one hundred men from San Juan. His offers were accepted. But Castro soon went to the house of Señor ángel Ramírez, where the latter and others told him that it was wrong to aid Chico, who did not need much incentive to crush everyone, because he was a tyrant, and that Castro should look out for his countrymen and friends and not for Chico. All were friends or relatives, and they got Castro out of the idea of doing what he had promised Chico. He didn't fulfill his promise.

Chico saw all this. His orders to those in the south to bring forces were not being complied with. (I believe that his mail was intercepted.) Nothing came from Mexico, nor was there hope of any other aid arriving. He found himself alone in the presidio with an insignificant force, and he began to be disheartened.

47

A little later, the idea was formed of disposing of ranches in the region of San Juan Bautista, and three ranches were asked of Chico; one for Don Luis del Castillo Negrete, called Santa Ana, another for his brother, Don Francisco, called Cañada Verde, and another for myself, called Real de las águilas; all were contiguous. I was to care for the three. Before the concessions were completed, the disturbances occurred, and the approval of the grants was left to the assembly. Things being as they were, they would not give land grants to any of us.

Señor Chico summoned the departmental council and declared that he would go to Mexico in person, to seek all that he deemed necessary for the country and to obtain forces to make the seditious and disobedient comply with the orders of the government. He said that he would leave the interim control with Capt. Agustín V. Zamorano until Lieut. Col. Nicolás Gutiérrez, who was in San Gabriel, should arrive.

I wanted to go with Chico (I believe he went in August, 1836), but he told me his absence would be brief; that he would return soon with the forces and it was better that I remain; that he had formed great plans for California and I would be benefited there. I could not do less than he told me, particularly because Señor Negrete, Ramírez, and other officials were remaining there.

At last Chico made his departure after taking leave of his friends. He was resentful of the officers who were below with troops and had not come to his aid. The command was not turned over to Zamorano until midnight. That is, when Chico embarked on the boat, he sent a sealed envelope with the direction that it should not be opened until midnight, saying that by this time he probably would have sailed from the harbor. Furthermore, at that moment he said: "Gentlemen, if these officers who are in the south had arrived, then, instead of my going, two or three of those who now are with me would have embarked." Everyone looked at one another; each wanted to know why he had said 48 this. No one was very sure, and this uncertainty was intensified when, some time after his departure, they saw entering the mouth of the harbor a ship with the Mexican flag and a pennant. Many feared that in it came Chico and the force, and some even mounted their horses and left Monterey. They didn't get over this scare until they learned that it was the brigantine *Catalina*.

Chico went to Mazatlán and sought to raise troops, and I believe that about two hundred or three hundred men were mustered there. He not only needed more men but he was faced with the opposition of the council of Monterey and with other influences which opposed the carrying out of his plan to return with a force sufficient to compel respect.

When Señor Gutiérrez arrived, Capt. Zamorano turned over the command; this was a matter of about twelve or fifteen days after Chico's departure.

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V

The Revolution of 1836

I WAS LIVING in the house of Don ángel Ramírez, administrator of customs. This house belonged to Don Guillermo Hartnell.* In one small part of it we had a little shop, Don Juan Nepomuceno Ayala and I.* In this was some merchandise belonging to Chico and others, among them Don ángel Ramírez, though he did not appear as owner because he was administrator of customs and was forbidden to trade. When I went south I left the store in the control of Ayala, and he accounted for the property of Chico to his agent, Don Juan Malarín.* I had already settled other accounts with 50 Don Federico Becher,* who was the agent of Don H. Virmond.

The educated English linguist, William E. P. Hartnell, came to California in 1822 with his partner, Hugh McCulloch, as agents of an English firm of Lima, Peru, and established the first foreign business house in California. In 1824 he was baptized in San Carlos, and in 1825 he married María Teresa de la Guerra, who bore him 20 sons and 5 daughters.

The business of Hartnell and McCulloch prospered for a few years and then reverses came, resulting in the closing of the partnership in 1829. Hartnell undertook ranching as the grantee of Alisal Rancho in 1834, worked as collector of taxes and customs in 1836-37 and served as *visitador general* of missions under Alvarado. Later he was an interpreter, officer of customs, tithe collector, court clerk, inspector, acting administrator of the customhouse, official interpreter and translator for United States authorities after the change of flag in California, and official interpreter in the constitutional convention in 1849. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 777-78.

Ayala was a Mexican clerk of 29 years of age at the time he came to California with the Híjar and Padrés colony in 1834. Nothing else is known of him beyond Janssens' reference to him and his participation in the revolt against Alvarado in 1837.

After his marriage to Josefa Estrada in 1825, Juan Malarín, a master of ships and an officer in the Mexican navy, made his home in Monterey. At times he held offices, acquired valuable ranchos, and as captain of the port served as an agent of Chico. At his death in 1849 or 1850, he left a large estate, and according to Bancroft a good name as “an unobtrusive man of excellent character and much influence.”

Federico G. Becher, who came to California in 1835, was a young German associated in business with the influential Henry Virmond, a merchant of Acapulco, who did a large business with California. Virmond's wide acquaintance with Mexican officials resulted in his being much sought for the solicitation of favors from the Mexican government by his many California friends. Becher, his agent, was in California almost continuously from 1835 to 1837. His abilities and material success made him popular, but he had trouble with the Alvarado

government on account of his Mexican interests and his success in protecting and advancing them. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, II, 713; V, 764.

In the same house lived Don Juan Bautista Alvarado,* who was the first inspector of customs. He was second in command to Don ángel Ramírez and was the one who inspected the ships which arrived. Don Eugenio Montenegro, a customs employee, also lived there.

A precocious native son of California, Alvarado began his official life in California in 1827, when he was but 18 years of age, as secretary of the *diputación*, an office held by him until 1834. From 1834 to 1836 he was appraiser in the Monterey customhouse, and in 1835-36 a member of the *diputación* and its president in 1836.

Alvarado led a revolution against Gutiérrez, and was revolutionary governor from December 7, 1836, to July 9, 1837. From that date, by submitting to Mexico, he became regular governor ad interim as president of the *diputación* until November 24, 1839. At this time he became constitutional governor by Mexican appointment, an office he held until 1842. From then until the United States took over, he held military offices in California. For extensive elaboration of the story of Alvarado and his activities, see Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, chs. 16-20; IV, chs. 1, 2; and T.H. Hittell, *Hist. of Calif.*, II, Book V, chs. 6-14.

Since the departure of Chico, I had noted the meetings that were held and the revolutionary ideas looking toward the proclaiming of independence from Mexico.

Don José Castro came, and he agreed with the others, among whom was of course Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, acting as leader. One of the principal abettors was Don ángel Ramírez. My associate, Don Juan N. Ayala, was in accord in every respect. Another of the promoters of the plan was Attorney Cosme Peña.

Promptly they sought a pretext to break with Señor Gutiérrez. I don't remember, or perhaps did not know, the motives that they could have had; but I imagine that all the charges they presented 51 against him did not amount to more than pretexts to bring about the plan of independence for

California which had been conceived for a long time. The revolution broke out, I believe, on the 7th of November, 1836.*

Janssens' date for the breaking out of the revolution is substantially correct. Alvarado and José Castro left the capital in October, making their headquarters at San Juan, where they began preparation for a rising of the settlers, native and foreign. Alvarado did not succeed at once in getting troops from his uncle, Mariano Vallejo, but forces were raised at San Jose and among the rancheros of the Salinas and Pájaro valleys, among these being Isaac Graham's company of riflemen. The revolutionary force under José Castro approached the capital on November 3. The siege of Monterey began on that evening. On November 5 Gutiérrez surrendered. José Castro was *comandante general* of California until the 29th, when Alvarado assumed office.

Señor Gutiérrez, instead of arming the fort or at least keeping there a permanent force, abandoned it, and betook himself to the presidio. Very different was the procedure of Col. Chico. He knew that if the insurgents took the fort, the presidio was bound to fall. When Chico had no one to put there, his adjutant Terán went with two soldiers and they kept the cannon loaded, so that Señor Estrada and others, who were about one hundred and who gathered in the *Huerta Vieja*, dared not leave the area. He had in his house two cannon and from ten to fifteen men at the most, but he did not relax, even for a moment, until his departure.

Gutiérrez, seeing that the revolutionists intended to use force, fortified himself in the presidio. One morning a cannon shot was heard from the fort; the flag was hoisted to attract attention. This was done because Don Juan Bautista Alvarado and Don José Castro had revolted, joined by Don José María Villavicencio, Ayala and others. The proclamation was for independence from Mexico. Immediately the cannon were pointed at the presidio. They were aimed without being fired and for the purpose of compelling the surrender of Gutiérrez and his garrison. There were three ships in the harbor, commanded by Captains Hinckley, Steele, and another—all of whom were Americans —and they 52 favored the revolutionists.* Perhaps Hinckley was the only one who had done so openly, he and Don ángel Ramírez. Hinckley had previously taken Ramírez and his wife on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands and on their return they had been given a reception almost regal in character. Ramírez gave a dance for Hinckley which cost thousands of pesos and took many days of preparation. I worked more than a month in making sweets and confections for the occasion.

The three Americans, William Sturgis Hinckley of Massachusetts, Joseph Steele, a Boston trader, and William F. French were all masters of vessels who had done trading in California for some years. All three of them were in Monterey and joined in giving aid to the Alvarado revolution. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 749, 785; V, 733.

(Ramírez was very pompous. At this ball he had placed in a room satin shoes, ribbons, and many things so that the women might replace what was broken, damaged, or lost. Much money was spent during his residence in Monterey. To Chico [balance obliterated by the cutting of the page])

When the revolutionists aimed their cannon toward the presidio, I left the house of Don ángel Ramírez and went to that of Don Luis del Castillo Negrete, where I met Don Marcelino Escobar, judge of the court of first instance. We talked over what had happened. Señor Negrete said that if the government fell, he would leave because he would not stoop to serve with the enemies of Mexico. The revolutionists made great efforts to get him to stay at his post. Don ángel Ramírez, especially, was inclined to persuade him to remain, but he peremptorily refused, and sailed on the schooner *Leonidas*. In San Diego he issued a strong protest against the insurgents to the town council of Los Angeles, as the only civil authority extant of any category which had legitimate character and was not in revolt against the supreme government of Mexico.

At the conference of which I speak above, some who came said that it was feared that the prisoners would escape and there

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53 would be disorder and looting. Judge Escobar directed me to call some citizens and form a patrol which should keep order. The tradesmen did not take part on either side. While we were in front of the presidio near the house of Escobar, it was seen that a cannon of the fort was pointed at the house of Negrete. At this juncture Don Jacinto Rodríguez was passing with two soldiers of the rebels. We told them our force was only for the preservation of order, but that if we were fired upon from the fort we would have to join those in the presidio. Rodríguez went to the fort and notified them, and the rebels changed the direction of the cannon.

The cause of independence was growing noisier, especially since it was known that a flag was being made (which it was said was American or something like it).

The tocsin which the Californians wished to use for independence and the expulsion of the Mexicans had been modified, because the Mexicans who were aiding them would naturally have been alienated. Don Guillermo Eduardo Hartnell told them that there were not in the country the elements to accomplish independence and that they should revise their plan of declaring California an independent and sovereign state, pending the re-establishment of the federal system in Mexico. (Chico had already prepared the bases for central rule.) In this way they could gain strength without disavowing the supremacy of Mexico. The situation became more drastic each day. The rebels occupied the principal points, and if they had fired from the fort they would have destroyed the presidio. Indeed, a cannon was fired upon the *comandancia*. Thereupon, Señor Gutiérrez and his officers saw the necessity of surrendering, and this they did.

Gutiérrez and his officers were held as prisoners in the house of Don Joaquín Gómez, to be taken on a brigantine named *Clementina* to the coast of Mexico. I went to see Señor Negrete 54 to ask him what he thought of doing, and he told me that he was leaving on a ship of Don José Antonio Aguirre and that nothing would make him stay. I decided to go with him, partly to see my mother in Mexico and partly because I was devoted to the daughter of Señor Negrete, with whom I was on friendly terms.

Don Juan Bautista Alvarado, Don ángel Ramírez, and others continued their efforts to prevent Negrete from going—in fact, they demanded that he stay—but it availed nothing; he was determined to go. Going from the house of Negrete to that of Don Joaquín Gómez, I met Don José Castro and six others. I don't know why he was suspicious, unless it was because he had taken too much to drink, but they took me to the guardhouse and posted a guard to watch me. I was badly scared, for the officers and soldiers who had taken the presidio were crazy from the liquor they had imbibed, and I feared some sort of violence. Fortunately, an officer of Señor Alvarado passed by, and I sent word asking that he do me the privilege of coming to see me. This presumption I undertook because we were acquaintances and lived in the same house. He was a representative of the governor, but he came quickly, and when I told him what had happened to me, he had me put at liberty at once.

Thereupon I went to see Señor Aguirre, who gave me passage, of which I advised the Negrete family. This pleased them well, for the couple treated me as their child.

The things I had in my care for Col. Mariano Chico I packed and stored with other effects of the same gentleman.

The next day I put my luggage aboard. After I went on board, Señor Aguirre told me that he wished to make a proposal to Señores Alvarado and Castro and that I should convey it to them. His proposal was to take Gutiérrez and his officers in his ship to San Blas, Mazatlán, or wherever they should wish to go, free of cost, so that they would not have to go on the brigantine 55 *Clementina*. Señor Aguirre feared that on the *Clementina* they would be taken prisoners, and besides, he feared that the ship was not very safe. He desired to conduct these gentlemen and treat them as they deserved.

I conveyed the proposal, and to Alvarado it did not seem to be undesirable, but it did appear so to the others. Seeing that they would delay me unduly without giving me any reply, I went to a little beach behind the fort where the boat from the *Leonidas* awaited me. Farther down the ravine I saw that there were some people, and they were talking of taking the boat and capturing the *Leonidas*. Of course the sailors with the boat heard them, and they promptly leaped into the boat and went aboard the ship, and I was left in the brush without a way of embarking. The people returned to the fort when they saw that the boat had eluded them. A little later I saw that the ship was hoisting sail, and I was, of necessity, left ashore. It was night when I returned, taking great care that I should not be seen by the rebels, because it was very dangerous. I managed to get to the house of Don Rafael González, and I found in it the family of Coronel and also the mother of Agustín Olvera. They were very surprised to see me for they believed that I had embarked with the Negretes.

On the next day I talked with Capt. Steele about taking me to Santa Barbara in his packet to overtake the *Leonidas*, in which my luggage had gone. The Coronel family decided to go south, and they were not dissuaded from leaving by the suggestion that they should remain until Don Ignacio Coronel should return from Mission San Miguel. His wife said that the rebels had changed face,

and the cry was now “Kill the Mexicans.” I spoke to Capt. Steele, and he agreed to give passage to the large family and to whomever else I would care to bring aboard. I accepted, and on the — day of November, 1836, at 3 p.m. everyone embarked. At this point, Don Ignacio Coronel arrived, and I was 56 afraid he would disapprove, but that was not the case. He was angry because of the rudeness he had suffered in San Miguel, where he had gone to accept the mission and be installed by Señor Gutiérrez as administrator. When he got there the revolution had broken out and this made his appointment ineffectual. He had decided to take his family away, and when he arrived he found everything ready. He planned to let his son Antonio go by land, bringing his father's horses and those I had just bought from Hernández.

We left Monterey that afternoon for Santa Barbara, where I must transfer to the *Leonidas*. Aboard the ship were several officers of the former government, namely, Capt. Agustín V. Zamorano and all his family, Don Antonio María Ortega, Don Ignacio del Valle, Lieut. José María Ramírez, and others.

The ladies and children were seasick, and as I did not suffer this misery, I took care of everyone like a doctor or nurse.

Capt. Steele conducted himself like a perfect gentleman, generous and good beyond measure. Whatever was needed and was procurable aboard was made available with unequalled kindness. After four days of good weather we arrived at Santa Barbara and found the *Leonidas* anchored there. Everyone had disembarked and all the passengers had secured lodgings. The Negrete family were received in the home of Capt. José de la Guerra y Noriega. To please the Coronel family I had to wait and accompany them on the trip by land, with the hope of overtaking the ship at San Pedro. On the road we had some mishaps, but I will not take time to relate them. We arrived at the ranch of the Verdugos near Los Angeles, almost in front of Cahuenga, to pass the night there. That was a tragic day and one of sad memories for the Mexicans, especially for the families of Coronel and Olvera.

As soon as we arrived at the ranch we saw that there were many people and that they were going to have a dance. In front 57 of the main house was a small one of adobe in which was a little old woman. We drove the *carreta* over there. Many were seen drinking liquor, and from time to time could be heard the cry, “Death to Mexico! Kill the Mexicans!” As the night progressed, the worse the situation became. A man came up to me and asked me where I was from. Seeing his evil intention, I answered that I was French. All of them offered insults to the Mexicans; each moment could be heard the same cry of Monterey, “Kill the Mexicans!” Don Ignacio Coronel and his family, and the rest of us who had come—Rojas, Ortiz, and I—were frightened, and this was justified in view of the danger in which we found ourselves, of being killed or maltreated by those infuriated and drunken men, and of God knows what they might do to the ladies and girls. Coronel, Rojas, and Ortiz took off for the hills of Cahuenga, to the steepest part, and from there went through to the city, after being lost.

The little old lady of the adobe house seemed to be a good woman, and invited the ladies into her room lest some of the drunken ones should come to attack them. I spent a dreadful night on watch with my weapons ready for whatever might be required. They did not attempt to molest us, however, although the frenzied cries of the drunks continued.

The following day we went to San Gabriel. Those evil people were not content with the harm and insults they had inflicted upon us. Some of them came after us. They roped a wild bull and on passing an arroyo called Arroyo Seco, almost in front of the Pueblo of Los Angeles, they loosed the bull from the ropes, and the animal charged to gore the *carreta*. The women almost fainted. Those around the *carreta* diverted the bull's attention, and thus we were able to pass. Of course, nothing could be done with such savage people. We concluded that we were travelling among tribes of barbarous Indians.

As soon as we passed the mill at San Gabriel, I went on ahead 58 to talk with the agent in charge of the mission, Lieut. Juan Rocha, who at once allotted quarters for the ladies and the others. Indians came down the road with dishes of food and such other things from the mission as were suitable. Rocha was indignant about the brutal conduct and baseness of those who had harassed respectable

families—people who had every right to be treated with respect and regard. Rocha and Padre Esténaga* did everything possible to make the ladies forget the troubles they had experienced. We got along perfectly, though we were anxious because we did not know what had happened to Coronel and the others who had accompanied him. On the following day, Rocha started a search in the city, and Don Luis Arenas* undertook to hunt for them. Coronel and the others, as I said before, had strayed. They had not eaten anything when they were found in the hills of Cahuenga. Arenas took them to his house, and on the next day, the 3rd, they arrived at San Gabriel. Later we had to hear the stories which Don Ignacio Coronel and his wife told of the events of their *noche triste*.

Although sent to California with Echeandía under sentence of banishment for two years, Juan José Rocha was at once put in command of the San Blas Company at Monterey. He is named in the records of later years as *comisionado* for the secularization of San Juan Capistrano in 1833-34, as being in charge of San Gabriel in 1836-37 where Janssens and others were aided by him, and as acting commander of the southern forces in the sectional war of 1837. The padre who assisted Rocha in the service referred to by Janssens was Tomás Eleuterio Esténaga, who had served at San Miguel and San Francisco before coming to San Gabriel in 1833, where he continued until his death in 1847.

Like Janssens, Coronel, and the others being assisted at this time, Luis Arenas came to California in 1834. He settled at Los Angeles, held some offices, was grantee of several ranchos, and was prominent in opposition to Alvarado.

By these delays and mishaps I lost my passage on the *Leonidas*; indeed, the schooner had already arrived at San Pedro and gone on to San Diego. I received a letter which told me that I was expected in San Diego, but it was too late to catch the ship. I left, nevertheless, not wanting to lose the chance of going in her. However, later on the way, I received a letter from Don 59 Luis del Castillo Negrete informing me that my luggage had been left in San Diego, as they had not been able to wait longer for me, and that I should not fail to go in the schooner when she returned. Señor Negrete also sent me from San Diego a certificate in which it was declared that I had maintained loyalty to the supreme government of the republic, as was proper for a good Mexican citizen, and had resisted to my utmost the plots of the revolutionists, who would have overthrown the lawful government in California early in November of the past year. The certificate was executed on board the schooner *Leonidas* in San Diego, the 29th of December, 1836, and I have it in my possession.

Lieut. Don Juan María Ibarra of the Mazatecos, who had been in California since 1819, occupied my cabin in the *Leonidas*, as he, too, no longer wished to remain in the country under the new regime.

Antonio Coronel (the same man who later occupied many posts, among which was that of treasurer of the state of California)* had not arrived with the horses, and this delay could not be understood. It turned out that the rebels took them to provide mounts for a commission to Santa Barbara in order to require the people of that place to support the movement of 60 Monterey. At the head of the commission went José María Villavicencio (Villa, as we all called him), Antonio Buelna, and Francisco Soto.*

Antonio Francisco Coronel, son of Ignacio Coronel, was, like Janssens, 17 years of age when he came to California with the colony in 1834. He moved ahead in position and independence more slowly than did Janssens in his first California years, but he went beyond Janssens in position in the American period. As a loyal Mexican citizen, he took part in military operations against the United States in 1846-47. With the transfer of California to the United States, he became a loyal and trusted citizen of the new authority.

Antonio's returns from mining in 1848 and from his vineyards and agricultural interests made him a man of wealth. His position and character gave him many offices of trust, as Janssens notes parenthetically. He was Los Angeles county assessor in 1850-53; mayor in 1853; member of the council in 1854-67; and state treasurer in 1867-71.

In 1877 he gave H. H. Bancroft a valuable collection, “Doc. Hist. Calif.,” and dictated for Bancroft's use his “Cosas de California,” a document of 265 pages, which Bancroft appraised as one of the best narratives of its class in his collection.

The most prominent of the three commissioners was “Villa,” as he was called, who was residing at Monterey in 1836 and became a captain of Alvarado's forces. At times he was *comandante* at Santa Barbara, and he was prominent in the operations of 1836-38. Antonio Buelna, though an ignorant and commonplace man, was a member of the *diputación* in 1835-39, a commandant of Santa Inés troops in the Alvarado revolt, and a commissioner to Santa Barbara, as Janssens records. Little is known of Francisco Soto other than what

Janssens mentions. In 1836 he was named one of the auxiliaries of Monterey, and he became a supporter of Alvarado. When the revolution was beginning, he secretly entered the presidio at Monterey with many bottles of brandy to promote desertion. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, II, 735; V, 728, 763.

The same commission went to Los Angeles and found the people divided; some were for supporting the legal government. The leaders of these were Alcalde Gil Ibarra* and in San Gabriel, the military commandant, Juan Rocha. Others favored the revolution and at their head was the other *alcalde,* José Sepúlveda,* father of Hon. Ignacio Sepúlveda, the present district judge of Los Angeles. But Alcalde Sepúlveda had not openly declared himself for the revolution.

Although born in San Diego in 1784, there is little record of Gil Ibarra until 1831, when he became *síndico* of Los Angeles. From then on there is no record of him until he became *alcalde* of Los Angeles in 1836-37. He was a prominent partisan of the south against Alvarado, being more than once arrested by the northerners.
José Sepúlveda was *regidor* at Los Angeles in 1833-34, and *alcalde* in 1836-38. He was somewhat prominent on one side and then on the other in the quarrels between north and south. The son referred to by Janssens, in addition to being district judge of Los Angeles 1874-78, had been a member of the legislature in 1864, county judge in 1870-73, and superior judge from 1880 to 1883, when he resigned to take a position with Wells Fargo and Company in Mexico. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, V, 716.

The rebels continued to threaten, and in Los Angeles they were opposed. Rocha was named to command the forces of the legitimate government which then consisted of the council of Los Angeles. He constructed trenches in front of the mission of San Gabriel to mount four cannon. He also stationed a garrison there. This was in the first days of January, 1837.

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When it was known that those from the north had come with forces to compel those in the south to accept the revolution, the people met, and from Los Angeles Judge Sepúlveda and others went out with the forces. The military chief was Don Juan José Rocha. I was ordered to remain with the reserve in San Gabriel. I enlisted the New Mexicans who were at that place, and they joined us with enthusiasm. Agustín Olvera and all of those who were with Don Ignacio Coronel also supported me. I was able to organize a regular force, and Señor Orozco was my second in command. While the forces were in San Fernando, the Linares and others from Los Angeles tried to take the fortifications at San Gabriel, but seeing that we had the cannon loaded and the matches lighted, ready to fire as soon as they arrived, they didn't come near. In a few days the news arrived that on the plain of San Fernando the two opposing forces had met and had fired some shots without

damage. Well, it seemed that the two parties, except Comandante Rocha, were in accord. Those from the north sought to parley, as it appeared that Judge Sepúlveda and Señor Alvarado were in agreement. The government of Alvarado had said it would recognize the supreme government and that hostilities would be suspended until this was settled. Pending this, Alvarado should rule here. As soon as this pact was executed, Rocha left. I no longer had a position nor orders from Rocha to turn over to anyone the post which had been entrusted to me. On the following afternoon there appeared in the *divisadero* of San Gabriel an advance guard, and a member asked me to deliver the little fortification and the artillery pieces. When I answered that I could not, they threatened to take it by force. Then I notified them that if they crossed the *barranca* I would fire upon them. Realizing the risk, they withdrew and returned to Los Angeles.

Rocha came in the morning. He told me everything that had happened and that resistance was impossible. He approved of 62 my conduct, and we joined in dismantling the fortification and storing the heavy arms. In this way there was no surrender. But I felt uncertain and agreed with Don José María Orozco, Rojas, and others to go to San Diego, where we would be nearer Baja California, or to the Colorado River, whence we could go to Mexico. Arriving in San Diego, Don Joaquín Ortega* convinced me that I should go to the valley of San Jose, property of Capt. Pablo de la Portilla, and in case I could serve I would be notified at the Rancho Santa Isabel. I followed this plan and we went to the ranch of Señor Portilla. This gentleman had been captain of the squadron of Mazatlán, which had been in California from the time of the Spanish rule (1819). When Chico had gone and Gutiérrez had fallen, the squadron was dissolved, and Portilla (who, like his soldiers, was old) retired to his ranch. We were very contented there when I received an order to join, in San Luis Rey, a force that was commanded by Francisco Soto and Don José Sepúlveda. I did not want to go for I was only awaiting an opportunity to go to Mexico and feared they might order me to the interior, that is, to Sonoma, because the revolutionists distrusted me. Realizing the exigency, we decided to take to the mountains where the chief of the Indians gave us a *ranchería*, very commodious for three. There we had news that our enemies were coming for us to take us to Monterey. I told the Indian chiefs of our peril, and they promised to defend us from all danger by discharging rocks at those who should come to attack us. Francisco Soto and his people came

looking for us, but they did not like the prospect of the place or what they heard, and returned to San Luis Rey.

Joaquín Ortega, the son of José María, the wealthy trader and proprietor of Refugio Rancho, was an important figure from 1830 to the American occupation. He was a member of the *diputación* in 1830-34, and at that time Janssens saw him was administrator of San Diego, an office he filled in 1835-40.

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A few days later I received a letter from Governor Alvarado through Capt. Portilla, offering me amnesty if I would go to San Diego or Los Angeles. I didn't have much confidence in such offers, for I saw that they concealed the plan to take me north, and I didn't like the idea.

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VI

Opposition to Alvarado in the South

WE LEFT the Indian chiefs, promising to return and visit them. With all posible caution, we went to San Diego; Don Juan Bandini, Don José Antonio Estudillo,* and others were there. We went on to Tia Juana, the ranch of Capt. Santiago Argüello.* There we found a great number of persons who did not wish to recognize Governor Alvarado, among them Capt. of Cavalry Don Nicanor Estrada, the Osunas, and Santiago E. Argüello.* It was agreed that all should go to Descanso at the mission of San Miguel (Baja California). We were well received there.

José Antonio Estudillo, son of José María, was a man of excellent character, good education for his time, and of wide influence in the south. He was rich in lands and he held office almost continuously from 1828 to 1846. At the time of Janssens' contact with him mentioned here, he was serving as *alcalde* and judge at San Diego, where he took part in the opposition to the Alvarado government. A detailed summary of the activities of this important figure may be found in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, II, 793-94.

Before Janssens saw him at his Tia Juana Rancho, which he acquired in 1829, Santiago Argüello had held many offices, civil and military. He was the son-in-law of Francisco Ortega of Santa Barbara; he was rich in lands and an influential figure. As *alcalde* of San Diego in 1836, he used his influence against the Alvarado government, and his ranch was used as a base for the forces of opposition.

Nicanor Estrada was a Mexican blacksmith and political exile who came with the Híjar and Padrés colony. When Gutiérrez fell in 1836, Estrada went to the Baja California frontier but soon returned to aid Bandini and others in their preparations against Alvarado. The Osunas were Juan María and a son. While not one of the big names, Osuna was a soldier at San Diego for a number of years and *alcalde* in 1835. He willingly joined the opposition to Alvarado. Santiago E. Argüello, the son of Santiago Argüello, was *receptor* at San Diego and connected with

several ranches. In 1836-37, while he was in charge of the Otay and San Antonio Abad Ranchos, he joined with the south against Alvarado.

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Capt. Estrada was an expert blacksmith and suggested to us that we pass the time making lances, for there was plenty of steel and iron at the mission. Some helped him at the forge, others cut wood for shafts and trimmed and cured it. The *comandantes* of the frontier came to see us—Sergts. Armenta and Macedonio González. The latter was a man of great courage. Between the two, they could count on a company of twenty-five or thirty men, all ranchers, outdoor men and able. We performed military exercises to pass the time. Some thought of going to Mexico and others of supporting the authority of the Mexican government. We were engaged in these activities when news arrived by road from Mesa Redonda that in the evening the Indians had attacked the ranch of Don Pío Pico.* They had burned the house with four men, who were inside, among whom was the major-domo, Leyva. (Much of this turned out to be true.) The news also came that on the same night the Indians of Tia Juana would arise and, joining with others, would attack in the same manner the ranch where were the families of Argüello, Juan Bautista Alvarado (of San Diego), Estudillo, and others. This was made known to the *comandantes* of the frontier, and they arrived with twenty-five men. We were as many more and left at once on good horses and with guides. A little after midnight we looked down on the plain of Tia Juana at the moment when the Indians were about to seize the *rancherías*. We immediately gave the cry "Viva Mexico!" and fired a volley, which succeeded in stopping them from leaping on the house of Capt. Argüello and burning it. The Indians came down by the river and took to the hills. When we arrived at the 66 house the women were awaiting the attack of the Indians, but the latter did not have time to do more than burn their own *rancherías*. Word was at once sent to San Diego, from whence some of the citizens had come. With such force as we thought necessary, we went to the Rancho Tecate of Don Juan Bandini, which had also been besieged by the Indians. Only because this house was on an elevation and there were only men within, had they been able to beat off the attack.

From 1830 to 1846 Pío Pico was one of the most prominent figures in California. In 1832 as *señor vocal* and president of the *diputación* he just failed in securing the place of governor ad interim. In 1834-35 he was again a member of the *diputación*; in 1834-40 was administrator of San Luis Rey; and in 1837-39 was an active partisan of the south against Alvarado's government, but was never in a fight, though arrested several times.

Soon it was learned that the Indians had gone into the Jacum Mountains and were in a narrow pass leading to the Colorado River. Over in their camp were three rebel chieftains, Cartucho, Martín, and Pedro Pablo. They had taken with them as captives the two young Leyva girls, Tomasa and Ramona, and another woman who had been with them for some time. She was the wife of Attorney Cosme Peña. She had fled from Monterey with a musician, a harp player, who was named Arias. This woman was first seized by the Colorado Indians, and later Cartucho and Martín took her from them.

When we entered the mountains through a defile, the young Leyvas could be seen. The Indians had put them there in order to get us to advance on their center while they went into flanking positions. Some fell back, others hid among the rocks. It was an ambush from which we could not possibly withdraw. On the crest of the range were more Indians. Sergt. Macedonio González and his soldiers, well armed and with leather shields, cheered us and told us not to worry. Among us were a few who knew how to manage leather shields, but to those who didn't know they were a great nuisance. The soldiers advised us to bind up the most exposed parts of our bodies with leather thongs. Jesús Moreno, myself, and others did accordingly. Those who held the women now faced us. We at once tried to sustain a fire, but at this moment, from the flanks and crevices in the rocks, arrows flew from every direction. Soon we had several wounded, among 67 them Macedonio González, against whom most of the arrows were directed. One arrow hit him in the lips and impeded his speech. Many horses were wounded and threw their riders, forcing them to mount behind the others or go afoot until we could manage to get out of the difficulty.

While we were in this desperate struggle, it appeared that the Indians were gathering rocks above us to close the exit, which they could have done with the greatest ease. They attacked the forces of our rear guard, who fled, and these Indians captured all of our supplies.

Repeatedly the cry was heard among us for each to save himself before we should be cut off from retreat. We surely would never have gotten out, if it had not been that the Indian chief, Jatiñil of the frontier, was at the *potrero* at Guadalupe and had learned of our situation from his spies. He travelled all night through the Valle de las Palmas, crossing the mountains, and he took and held a

height with upwards of two hundred Indians from those who always helped Macedonio González. With the yell of “Jatiñil!” and the resistance of his men, we were given the chance of getting out of the ambush. But for this, more than half of us, and perhaps more, would have fallen victims. Jatiñil the pagan, after God, was our salvation. (When Padre Felix Caballero had great plantings at the mission of Guadalupe, he invited Jatiñil to do all the work of planting, building stone walls, etc. When fighters were needed, Macedonio González could always count on this chief, who was a man of good heart, as was proven when we were lost.)

We had about twenty wounded by darts, and all the others were more or less injured by stones, etc. The enemy remained in force in the Jacum Mountains. Later they fought several battles with other Indians from the Colorado, with Chief Charagüe (from the other side of the little lakes), and with Chanate, and Regaña-la-Madre. These battles weakened them, and their 68 enemies took their women and carried them to the Colorado. Thanks to this, San Diego did not perish.

We maintained ourselves at the frontier ranches until we could meet together—first in Tia Juana and later in San Diego. We then decided to declare in favor of the government of Mexico and against the rebels at Monterey. We formulated our resolution, and with the aid of the frontier guard (the leaders of the declaration being Don Juan Bandini, Santiago E. Argüello, José María Alvarado, and myself), we invited Captains Agustín V. Zamorano, Pablo de la Portilla, and Nicanor Estrada to join us. They agreed without delay.

At the first meeting it was proposed to take Los Angeles, but later it was agreed that a commission should be sent there with our plan, to seek the endorsement of the people. Five commissioners were elected, namely, Don Santiago Argüello (senior), Santiago E. Argüello (son), Don Juan Bandini, José María Alvarado, and myself. We left the next day. On the way we learned that there were in Los Angeles forty men and two heavy cannon supporting Alvarado and José Castro. The officers of the force were Capt. José Sepúlveda and Lieut. Andrés Pico.* We also learned that Don Andrés could be found at San Luis Rey. Don Santiago Argüello, who was at San Luis Rey, was excused from going because his stoutness and advanced age would not permit him to do so. It was apparent

that in case of a fight or engagement it would not be possible for him to escape. In his place went a Frenchman named Don Luís.

The name of Andrés Pico, brother of Pío, appears first in the public records of 1836-38, when he was in charge of Jamul Rancho and was *elector* and *receptor* of customs. During this period he was in a difficult position due to involvement in the sectional, political strife in which he was forced into opposition to the north and was subjected to arrest several times. Subsequently he held a number of offices, obtained valuable lands, and was involved in the military revolution in 1845 and 1846. He took part in the defense against the United States, concluding the Treaty of Cahuenga with Fremont which ended the war in California. A valuable collection of original “Papeles de Misión” from his private papers is in the Bancroft Library.

Monterey, 1847

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Before arriving at San Luis Rey, we learned that Don Andrés Pico was about to place the major-domo of the mission and others under arrest and take them north as prisoners. There was no danger from his brother Don Pío Pico, because he favored the government of Mexico and, furthermore, he was our friend. We planned to take Don Andrés prisoner and require him under his word of honor not to leave the mission nor send word to Los Angeles. Don Pío was in the pueblo at that time. When we entered San Luis Rey, Don Andrés came out to greet us. The usual greetings were exchanged, and then Bandini told him to go into his office, an inside room. As we had agreed beforehand, we went in together—all well armed. As soon as we entered the office, Bandini let him know he would be taken prisoner. At one glance Don Andrés realized the situation. He gave the solemn promises which we exacted. Bandini told him that he should send him to San Diego, but that he did not want to disturb him. Don Andrés complied, and under his word of honor promised all that we suggested.

We knew there were two parties in Los Angeles—one in favor of the Mexican government, supported by the first *alcalde* Gil Ibarra, Don Pío Pico, Don José Antonio Carrillo, Don Luis Arenas, and many others, including certain foreigners.

That night after dinner we left San Luis Rey. The following day we spent at the ranch of friends near Los Angeles. There we left our bulky weapons, and at night went on and entered Los Angeles, with pistols and steel weapons only, by way of the area called Aliso and the vineyard of Don Luis

Vignes (a Frenchman).* Vignes received us very well. We sent someone to find 70 Don Carlos Baric (member of the French colony),* Don José Antonio Carrillo, and Alcalde Ibarra. When we had gathered together after dining well, we informed the gentlemen of our plan. Their opinion was that if we made public the plan the next day, we would be promptly arrested and assuredly sent to Sonoma. Then Bandini asked how many militiamen there were and if all of them were in the barracks. The reply was that there were about sixty, but in the barracks were no more than were necessary to guard the two cannon (one culverin and a small light gun), that Lieut. Andrés Pico was at San Luis Rey, and that Capt. José Sepúlveda generally slept in his house.

Jean Luis Vignes came to California from Honolulu in 1831, applied for naturalization at once, and in 1832 joined the *compañía extranjera* at Monterey. He soon settled in the Los Angeles area, where he was a pioneer vineyardist and winemaker and founder of the winemaking firm of Sainsevain and Co. He was a member of the defense vigilantes in 1836 and gave refuge and assistance to Janssens and those associated with him. There are only scanty records concerning Charles Baric. It is known that he came with the Híjar and Padrés colony in 1834, that he was a trader of some importance in Los Angeles, and that he loyally gave assistance to Bandini in capturing Los Angeles.

Then Bandini gave his opinion, and it was this—that we should, that very night, capture the guard and the artillery pieces, so that the next day, there being no opposition, the plan of San Diego could be made known and the will of the people ascertained. He told us that even though the guard was captured, we could still be besieged, and hunger if not force would compel our surrender.

Bandini made boasts, giving the impression that more people were behind us and that we were covered by a rear guard. They were convinced by this daring move. Ibarra said that he would go with us, but that he must retire immediately after the blow was struck, because on the next day he had to meet with the council as first *alcalde*; otherwise he would be compromised.

Señor Baric and Señor Carrillo, and also an assistant to Ibarra, Don Narciso Botello,* secretary of the council and of the court 71 and a Mexican by birth, agreed to join with the others in the surprise but upon the condition that he would not appear on the following day as one of the attacking party.

A native of Sonora, Narciso Botello came to California in 1834 at the age of 24. He soon opened a grocery in Los Angeles, where he became *síndico* of the *ayuntamiento* in 1835, its secretary in 1836, and an active opponent of Alvarado in 1836-38, giving assistance to Bandini and the group associated with him. His experiences were

varied in succeeding years. Concerning these, at the age of 63, he dictated for Bancroft the valuable narrative, “Anales del Sur.”

We drank a good hot punch and took ourselves off to the plaza. From the plaza could be seen the sentry, pacing the corridor behind the guns. It could also be seen that there was a gathering inside with everyone seated on the ground, apparently playing cards. As this was frowned on by the Church, Bandini, who led our attack, rapped on the wall, keeping out of sight of the sentry. Santiago E. Argüello and I went straight to the door, and the others, when Argüello gave the word, were to turn the guns with the muzzles inside the barracks.

On one of the sentry's turns, Bandini, who came from behind the pillars, seized him violently by the throat and thrust a pistol against his breast. Then Santiago E. Argüello cried out: “Soldiers advance!” Those inside jumped up, but instead of taking up their arms, they ran outside as though they had been fired from guns. From the cries of “Advance soldiers!” and “Long live Mexico!” they believed that troops had actually come from the interior of Mexico.

When we became masters of the barracks, we learned that Capt. Don José Sepúlveda was at his home. Don Pío Pico, who knew our plan and who was a close friend of his, had gone to dine with him and after dinner had kept him engaged in a long conversation.

Leaving our companions and helpers to guard the barracks and the guns, three of us took off for Sepúlveda's house, observing great caution for fear we might meet up with some of the guard in the streets.

Arriving at Sepúlveda's house, we found him in conversation with Pico. Santiago E. Argüello, who was one of us, entered alone and suggested surrender. The other two of us who remained outside made noises to make Sepúlveda believe we were 72 many. He surrendered himself as a prisoner. Pico went surety for him; if Sepúlveda were not made prisoner, he would give his word not to leave the house or communicate with anyone who could give us trouble. Sepúlveda promised to do what was demanded, and in view of this and the guaranty of Pico, he was left in his house.

Upon inspecting the cannon when we returned, we found balls and canister but discovered no powder of any sort. This put us in a pretty mess. There were about six rifles loaded; the rest were in a bad state. I was able to go on a horse, which was in the back yard of Don José Antonio Carrillo, to Vignes' house, where he gave me a little powder and a double-barrelled shotgun. What made the matter more difficult for us was that at daybreak our auxiliaries would depart, which would leave only us six (the five who came from San Diego and one from Los Angeles—I don't remember who he was) who could be counted on at the moment. We arranged the cannon as best we could. A neighbor woman sent us food.

It was now necessary to make it seem that we were more in number. Bandini, who was a man of craft, told us that the best thing to do was to post two sentries, one at each piece, loaded with the little powder we could gather and with the match burning. The other four were to remain inside. On changing sentries, one would come in acting as leader, with two soldiers—these two were to come with sashes across their coats; on the next relief, the same men would come with cloaks well wrapped around them; on the third relief we would come out in colored shirts. Each time we came out dressed differently to make us appear as different figures. Even though we were worried, we couldn't help laughing at the things Bandini invented to our advantage. No one was allowed to come near the barracks who was not well known to be one of our party. But we lacked the important thing, which was powder. At this point an Indian passed with a 73 cart filled with firewood. Bandini called to him, bought his wood, and had him enter the barracks through the back corral. He asked the Indian for his old sarape and straw hat and thus attired went on foot to the house of Don Abel Stearns,* leaving the Indian, with his cart and all, shut up in the back corral, which was made of adobe. No one recognized Bandini; he actually appeared changed, but we were concerned lest they capture him.

Before he came to California in 1829 to obtain a large tract of land, Abel Stearns, a native of Massachusetts, had lived in Mexico and been naturalized there. In California he was successful but had much trouble, being banished to the frontier by Victoria; but later, returning to Los Angeles in 1833 as a trader, he grew rich through his big trade in hides and liquors, and through smuggling. In 1836, while holding the office of *síndico*, he became involved with Chico, who ordered him to leave California. In late 1836 and the next few years he was a supporter in a quiet way of Alvarado, even as against Carlos Carrillo, a fact not noted by Janssens. Bandini's trickery in securing material aid from his son-in-law as noted by Janssens, even though Stearns really was on the opposite

side, was a tribute to the cleverness of Bandini. His later and colorful life story is summarized in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., V, 732-33. See also the extensive Stearns Papers, Huntington Library.

However, in a short time Bandini returned, carrying Indian-fashion in a sack, a keg containing about an *arroba* of powder. A woman made us cartridge bags of blankets, having nothing else to use. Thus we served the cannon.

Then Bandini sent a message to the first *alcalde*, Gil Ibarra, that he should assemble the populace in our presence in the hall of the council to make known the plan and the orders of the government of Mexico. Because we feared attack, we spread word to make it appear that we had other people hidden, some even among the populace.

At about ten o'clock of the next day the whole population met, and Señor Bandini went before them and read the plan. Meanwhile we saw various persons, well cloaked, approaching him and we pointed the muzzles of the guns toward the group. Four masked men came, who served our purpose well that day.

Bandini, while starting his talk, saw the cloaked ones; he turned to us and told us that if any one of the gathering should attempt 74 to disturb order or molest him, we should destroy the group by grapeshot, without mercy. This quieted things, and the *alcalde* and the others present kept order.

When we knew that the time had come to cheer, we drew the grapeshot from the culverin with the ramrod, leaving only the powder, so we would be able, if desired, to fire salvos to stimulate the people. When Bandini shouted “Viva Mexico! Long live the constitution!” everyone responded and the plan of San Diego was accepted.*

The general purport of the “plan of San Diego” was to undo what had been done since November 5 of the preceding year (1836), to recognize the full authority of Mexico, to rule the country under southern and loyal auspices until the national authority could be restored, “and to treat the rank and file of those who had favored the Monterey rebellion as ‘erring brethren’ worthy of pity and forgiveness.”

It was probably on the evening of May 26, 1837, that the surrender was made and the plan accepted in Los Angeles. Several days later, Bandini and some forces entered San Diego in triumph. Troubled times continued, as is brought out in the Janssens' story. A full statement of what is described in part by Janssens may be found in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, 515-23.

We fired some shots, after which the culverin was reloaded with grapeshot; but this was not enough. We were obliged to leave, taking the guns, because we learned that northern troops were at Santa Barbara and any day might fall upon us. By a Canadian named Chalifoux (who lead the Chaguanoso Indians when they came with the New Mexicans for commerce—though usually they stole more horses than they bought), we were informed that in San Bernardino there was a force of Chaguanosos and Liones come from New Mexico, and that they could aid us. Don Juan Bandini, knowing I could understand them, as Chalifoux and the other Canadians spoke French, commissioned me to make an arrangement with them. I took with me Don José María Alvarado and a Frenchman named Binet. We left at night, in order to be able to go to San Gabriel without being seen, since there was much danger—Víctor Linares, who was a northern spy, was in that vicinity.

Bandini called to his aid three trusty men, in our place. There had been several tentative plans to attack the barracks, but fear of the cannon prevented it. Bandini had friends outside, who gave him timely warning of what was plotted. He was resolved to mow down any hostile group which should appear. Once he told me about it, summing up in these words: “And if on the second burst we don't stop them, they can do what they wish with us.” But he knew the people of that time, and that one cannon shot and a hostile look would make them run, if they presumed to get too close.

On arrival at San Gabriel, I went to the home of Don Ignacio Coronel, confident that he was one of us. I proceeded to enter and touched a bed, and by feeling, I discovered lying on it a man in boots and trousers. I retreated without being seen or heard and entered an adjoining room, where I found the Coronel family. They informed me that I had entered nothing less than the abode of the spy, Víctor Linares! The Coronels gave me assistance and provisions, and we left the same night for San Bernardino. At the Rancho Chino we learned that the force we were seeking was in the woods

at Agua Caliente. We travelled always by ways and trails where we could not be seen. Our object was to procure aid without anyone suspecting our presence. On entering the woods we saw two Chaguanosos who gave us a good scare. Indeed they had their firearms aimed at us and seemed disposed to shoot. I spoke to them in French, and when I mentioned Chalifoux, they lowered their guns and took us to camp. I talked with the leaders and let them know what was being done against the legitimate government of Mexico. They gladly offered their help, and they promised that a company of twenty-five men would go with us to Los Angeles. Chalifoux was somewhat crippled. That night we slept on the ground, and in the morning Chalifoux and his men went with us to Los Angeles. Now we feared no one, because his people were bold and well armed. 76 Each man had a rifle, a hatchet, and a dagger, besides their usual weapon, which was the bow and arrow.

The next day we entered Los Angeles with this force. We were now more than thirty men and had no fear that anyone would attempt to take the post. There was no agreement to pay them anything; we had only to maintain them; they offered their services free to the Mexican government.

We had to return to San Diego and give account of what had occurred, as we could not send dispatches for fear of their falling into the hands of the rebels. The next day we held a meeting and decided that we should go.

The Chaguanosos asked our permission to leave in order to buy some things for the trip, and they were allowed to go, five at a time. But our enemies regaled them with brandy to upset our plans.

We obtained oxen for the cannon and two carts for the equipment and stores. On leaving, we saw that about half of our allies were drunk. There was nothing to do but go on. We threw the drunks into the carts. We were told that in the narrow streets the cannon would be taken from us. We took the precaution to send a man ahead, and some others formed a rear guard. While crossing a ditch a cannon upset, a propitious occasion for them to attack us. But we uprighted it and aimed the other at the groups which had gathered from the vicinity. These men were from the militia which we had ousted from the guardhouse. On the mesa of the pueblo there was no danger, and we rested.

Capt. Chalifoux required discipline and obedience from his people. On the road to San Diego, he exacted the greatest vigilance, as we might be attacked by the forces from Monterey and Santa Barbara.

At the Rancho de los Nietos, Bandini said it was necessary to leave behind a reliable man to give warning of the approach of those from the north. I consented to stay, upon the condition 77 that they should leave at relay points horses ready to be mounted. Don Juan Perez (I believe he was the owner of Rancho de los Nietos) said he would have ready for me two of the best horses. Bandini undertook to provide horses for the rest of the trip. They went on their way, and I left, disguised, for San Gabriel. No one had risen. I went to the home of Coronel, and all were surprised to see me and spoke of the great risk I ran by staying. But Doña Francisca Romero, the wife of Don Ignacio, was braver than the rest and a good patriot; she told me I could remain and she would keep me advised of everything that happened. At night I left to go to the mission to visit Padre Esténaga and returned shortly to the house.

We learned of the departure of the people of the north from Santa Barbara. I proposed not to leave until, if possible, I could see them and could learn with certainty what strength they had.

Eight days later, at night, I heard a band of horses and went to investigate. I was told it was an advance guard of the northern forces under the command of Don Ramón Amézquita,* and that it had stopped back of the mission. One of the soldiers with them was a friend of mine from Monterey named Francisco Ocampo, who had come with the expedition, having joined at Guadalajara or Tepic.

Of the several soldiers and settlers of the name of Amézquita, Ramón was the best known. He saw service as *juez de campo* at Pájaro in 1835. While living at San Miguel Rancho in 1836, he was drawn into activity with the forces of Alvarado.

When I least expected it, he came into the house of Coronel, and I hid myself quicker than lightning and heard what he said. He had come unwillingly and almost by force. When I had learned all I wanted to know, I went in, and he embraced me cordially. He thought I was in Mexico. I begged him not to mention my name. We posted a man at the door to warn us if anyone should come. Then

Ocampo told me everything—how they had 78 treated him, the forces they had brought, and that they had no cannon; that they were going to San Diego to capture all the leaders who had declared against Alvarado and those who had taken the cannon from Los Angeles; and all the other details he knew. The main body of the northern force was due to arrive the following day, and those who were to cut communications were designated. Santiago Linares was assigned to Santa Ana.

In view of all this, it was essential for me to leave right away. Ocampo shared my feeling. I dozed until three in the morning, in an old house of the mission. I got my horse ready, and my weapons and equipment, and started off. On passing the corner of the garden I saw an object and, thinking it was an advance picket, prepared my pistol. But I heard a low voice, and it turned out to be Ocampo, who, disregarding the risks, wished to go with me. In spite of my objections, he insisted until I let him go along. At Los Nietos we had the two horses of Perez, and we turned loose the one of Amézquita. We arrived at the house of Don Teodosio Yorba* and, after breakfasting, remounted our horses. He told me that the spy, Víctor Linares, lurked at the next ranch above. Ocampo was badly scared.

Auxiliary *alcalde* of Santa Ana in 1836.

After three days, at almost horse-killing pace, we arrived at San Luis Rey, nearly dead of exhaustion. Don Pío Pico told me that there was no need for concern there, but it was necessary that on that very night they should know in San Diego what I had learned. He lent me a racing horse. I remember his words: “Have a drink; go at a gallop all the way, even if he falls dead; don't worry, he will take you safely. You don't weigh much.” Once I made San Dieguito, they scarcely could follow. There I found Julio Osuna, who encouraged me and told me he would drive his band of horses to San Diego. As soon as I arrived in San Diego, Bandini, the Argüellos, Estudillo, and several others came 79 out to meet me. They practically dragged me from my horse and took me to the house of Argüello, where I gave an account of all I knew. They carried me from my chair to bed and rubbed my whole body with brandy. The next day I couldn't get up. Everyone came to see me, in order to make sure I hadn't fallen prisoner to Castro, as had been rumored.

The same night I arrived everything was put into motion. The next day all the tables in Argüello's house were occupied. The women made cartridges and powder bags for the cannon. In twenty-four hours we had 125 men ready to march to meet the enemy, but we hadn't selected the officers who would command them. We then agreed to place at the head the eldest, Capt. Don Pablo de la Portilla, and next in rank, Capt. Agustín Zamorano and Don Juan Bandini. We also selected Capt. Nicanor Estrada and Don Santiago E. Argüello. I was posted near the Chaguanosos, as I could converse with Chalifoux. With us went twenty-five volunteers with lances and pennants. The next day we started by short marches for Los Angeles.

Passing San Juan Capistrano the following day, we stopped at Santiago Creek to learn whether the advance guard of the enemy had arrived at Santa Ana.

Early next day we continued our march, the Chaguanosos and volunteers proceeding ahead. Shortly after passing the Santa Ana ranch of Don Tomás Yorba, we saw a lance pennant on a peak and waited for our rear guard. The Chaguanosos were eager to start the fight. Capt. Estrada had the same desire. We marched our force against the advanced enemy at the shout of Estrada: “One volley, and then the lance!” The enemy advance guard went over the shoulder of the mountain and took to flight. Our people couldn't be restrained, not even those who were in charge of the pieces. The enemy threw away their packs, arms, and whatever impeded their flight. We pursued them to the hills of the Pueblo of Los Angeles. They didn't stop until San Fernando, 80 and if we could have followed them, they would have fallen into our power. Don Pablo de la Portilla in greatest excitement ordered the bugle call for us to halt, but we acted deaf. Later he was angry with us, accusing us of disobedience to orders.

Finally it was necessary to halt, because on the mesa of the pueblo, Portilla and Zamorano caught up with us and told us that the guns had been left abandoned, and they also told us the enemy was now dispersed. That night we had a meeting, and it was suggested that a detail should remain with the guns and that we (the Chaguanosos and the volunteers) should continue the pursuit to San

Fernando. Perhaps we might destroy all of the enemy, tired as they and their horses were, and on our return the Mexican constitution would be pledged with due ceremony.

On the mesa of the pueblo Capt. Andrés Castillero* joined us. He had come from Mexico, by land, in the role of commissioner of the supreme government of the republic, to compel allegiance to the lawful constitution of the central regime. No conclusion could be reached in the meeting. Zamorano supported us in favor of going on, but Portilla and Castillero, who were then with us, opposed an advance, to avoid shedding blood, which they considered unnecessary.

Andrés Castillero came to Monterey at the time of and possibly with Chico. He went back to Mexico on the downfall of Gutiérrez and returned to California in 1837 as *comisionado* of the Mexican government. When he had induced Alvarado to submit to centralism, he went back to Mexico to work for Alvarado's interests. In 1838 he returned to California, bringing the news of his success in behalf of Alvarado.

So our force remained in camp that day on the mesa before the pueblo, and at the same time Alvarado and Castro were at San Fernando. On the following day the decision was changed, and all were allowed to pursue them to San Fernando. When we arrived there, the enemy, now refreshed, were travelling toward Santa Barbara. We followed for a one-day march. We were told that the enemy would establish his force in Santa Barbara, and 81 intended to fortify the Rincon. The band of Chaguanosos and the volunteers wanted to attack, but at this stage there arrived a flag of truce from Alvarado. The emissary said that Alvarado would immediately recognize the government of Mexico and swear to the constitution. Then Capt. Castillero asked permission to go to Santa Barbara to carry out his instructions. Some of our officers accompanied him. Alvarado received them cordially, recognized the government, and swore to the constitution.* Thus everything was ended, and it was decided to await the orders of the national government. Those from the south retired to their homes; those from Monterey left for the north.

The constitution referred to was the centralist constitution which had been drawn up by the two houses of the Mexican congress and promulgated on December 30, 1836. This constitution, which resulted from a parliamentary coup d'état, restricted the franchise and vested legislative power in a bicameral congress, the executive power in a president chosen for eight years by an undemocratic method, and judicial power in a body to be chosen by indirect methods. This document had provisions that made confusion for the next ten years in Mexico, and it had become the accepted constitution in California. See H. I. Priestley, *The Mexican Nation* (N.Y., 1923), pp. 259-75, 291-98.

I remained in Los Angeles in the house of Capt. Francisco Figueroa, brother of the late general, together with Don Joaquín Coronel and his family. One daughter, Josefa, opened a primary school, assisted by her father and by her cousin Agustín Olvera. Coronel obtained a lot in front of the property of Don Vicente Sánchez on which to build a house. I helped them to the completion of the garden. His daughter, Micaela, helped greatly in this work.

Don Ignacio Coronel had now been named secretary of the council, or had some such duties, but he assisted at the school as well. (This, about the establishing of the school and the position of Coronel in the council, I do not have clearly in mind, except as to the date, which was between 1837 and 1839, and that this school was the only institution of learning in Los Angeles.)

VII

Carlos Antonio Carrillo Displaced by Alvarado

WE WERE engaged in agricultural and other kinds of work, each one earning his subsistence and seeking advancement, when we received news that the government of Mexico had named Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo to be governor ad interim of California.*

Although Carlos Carrillo had been a supporter of Alvarado's revolutionary government in 1836, his brother, José Antonio, obtained in Mexico an appointment for him as govenor. Carlos strove ineffectually to assume the governorship, with Los Angeles as the capital, in 1837-38, but Alvarado refused to surrender to him.

I do not remember very well the events that happened, as I was devoted to my farm work in the garden which I had established. I did not wish to become involved in any more political entanglements. This matter of uselessly defending the government of Mexico, and always at the expense of my own skin, my time, and my few resources, was futile, and more particularly discouraging because it was obviously a government without point of honor and one which did not merit anyone making sacrifices for it. I was young and determined to seek my fortune, leaving the government to take care of itself. If it could not do that, then let it go to pot. Illusions! This, as with all my former resolutions, was left unrealized, and I will explain how. By accident, one afternoon I

passed by the house in which Governor Carrillo lived. I should observe that he was governor only in Los Angeles and from there south, including the border of Baja 83 California. All of the others in the north recognized Alvarado, who had been playing with Carrillo the game of "seesaw," without surrendering the office or government property.

The government of Mexico could not have made a more disgraceful choice than that of Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo for governor of this department, at a time when the need was for a man of energy, courage, and at least average talent—qualities which poor Carrillo almost completely lacked. He was a good man, and no more—very large, very handsome, and "good natured." Doubtless in normal times he could have discharged his duties with the assistance of others more able than himself. Such a man was his brother José Antonio, who did not lack capability, but, however, harbored a seditious spirit.

Returning to my story, I was passing the house of Carrillo when someone called to me. I went in and saw various friends and acquaintances, among whom were Señor Bandini and Don Ignacio del Valle.* Señor Carrillo asked me why I had not come to see him—I, who was ever one of those loyal defenders of the legitimate government and of its representatives in this country. He said that the circumstances in which he found himself were very critical and he needed all the assistance that could be lent by the good friends of the government and of himself. I was to understand that he wished to count on me. I excused myself as best I could. To avoid a commitment, I talked of my interests that would have to be abandoned and other things which would befall me, but nothing availed me. He promised that I would be compensated for whatever loss I would suffer. In this way and 84 with other arguments of his and of the others, they bound me, though I did not give my consent at once. I promised to give him a reply next day.

From the time he came to California with Echeandía, Ignacio del Valle served in the military and was involved in the various personal conflicts to 1836. In that year he gave support to Gutiérrez. After the fall of Gutiérrez, he supported Carrillo and as a result was sent to Sonoma as a prisoner in 1838. After his release he continued as a prominent figure to the end of the Mexican period. In the early part of the American period he held offices in Los Angeles and in 1852 was elected to the legislature. A few years before his death, at his rancho, Camulos, he dictated for Bancroft his recollections in "Lo Pasado de California" and gave him his collection of "Doc. Hist. Cal."

While I was in the house of Don Juan Bandini in San Gabriel, one of the young ladies told me that her grandfather (Don José) was calling me. He was in his room and informed me that the cannon which Cañedo was caring for and which was in front of the house of the governor was wrongly loaded; that is, the shot was at the breech end and the powder in the front, so that one could apply the match as often as he wished and it would never fire the gun. I don't know how Don José Bandini discovered this plot. This is why I hastened to Los Angeles again, and I underwent some risk in the trip.

I have forgotten to note that the governor had sent an expedition under command of Don Juan Castañeda* to take Santa Barbara, but that Capt. Castañeda lost time and, after taking care of the matters of Padre Narciso Durán and Capt. de la Guerra, he retired to San Buenaventura. He was pursued to this place by the forces of Don José Castro, by whom he was besieged, after losing all his cavalry. The result of all this was that the followers of Governor Carrillo fell into the hands of Castro, with very few exceptions. Upon my return to Los Angeles on the day alluded to above, I learned of the calamities at San Buenaventura. The vicissitudes of the governor and his friends were many.

A recent arrival in California, having come with Antonio Carrillo in 1837, Castañeda took an active part in the military operations to support Carlos Carrillo until after he was captured in the battle of San Buenaventura. In 1839 he was sent on a mission to Mexico by Vallejo. He returned to California in 1842 with Micheltorena, or about the same time, and was a grantee of several pieces of land. He did not attain prominence in California affairs. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., II, 748-49.

I gave an account of what Don José Bandini had told me, and the cannon was examined, with the result that it was found to be loaded in reverse, as Bandini had said. Carrillo called Corp. Cañedo inside and put him under arrest. He denied roundly that 85 he knew anything about how or by whom the change in the charge of the piece had been made. The gun was, of course, immediately loaded with canister. Guards were posted at the entrances to the streets, and trustworthy men offered their services to Don Carlos to protect his person. At midnight all was ready. Certain suspicious groups could quickly see from this that their dark plan had been discovered. They could only retreat, and if the order “Halt!” had not been obeyed, they would have been shot without

mercy. That night no one slept, everyone was alert; I embarked once more on the political fortunes of the age.

Next day Don Carlos A. Carrillo did not want us to leave his presence. He said that he wished to go to San Diego, because in Los Angeles he wasn't safe, and that in San Diego he would take steps to secure his recognition as governor. He begged me to engage all my friends and talk to the leader of the New Mexicans, asking them to accompany him on his journey. I followed his orders. The chief of the New Mexicans answered that for the governor he would take to the road and would travel until Carrillo was in a place of safety. My friends, Antonio Coronel, Agustín Olvera, Rojas, and others agreed to go with us, though each was running the risk of losing the fruit of his labors. In fact we lost everything; when I returned, my poor garden was ruined.

On the next day (the third day after news of the debacle at San Buenaventura) we left for San Diego. Señor Carrillo was constantly afraid of being ambushed. He was a large man and strong, but pusillanimous, and he lacked military valor, although he had had military service in the presidial company in Santa Barbara for many years.

Upon arriving at San Juan Capistrano some of those who accompanied us left to return to Los Angeles. There were about twenty men at Los Alamitos who could be counted upon. At San Luis Rey, Don Pío Pico supplied everything we needed and left with us for San Diego.

Request for aid had been sent via the Colorado River to Sonora. On our arrival at San Diego, Señor Carrillo was formally recognized as lawful governor of California, and his government was established. José Antonio Carrillo, Pío Pico, Lieut. José Antonio Pico, the Argüellos, Bandinis (Don Juan being made first secretary of government), Don Ignacio del Valle, and all the leading men of Los Angeles and San Diego were in favor of the action and recognized Carrillo.

The military commander up to now, I think, had been Capt. Portilla, who, if I am not mistaken, had the title of *comandante general*. I don't know whether he abandoned this position or what he did, but if I remember correctly, he was referred to as military chief when Capt. Tovar arrived from

Sonora. He came via Baja California, crossing the river near Santa Catarina, and with him came others. Some of Armenta's men were recruited, as were others of Macedonio González. The force was assembled—some one hundred and fifty men—and the command-in-chief was given to Capt. Tovar.

It was decided to go north and put Carrillo in power there, dispossessing Alvarado and his partisans. Our force went well organized, because its leader, Tovar, was a military man and had the reputation of being dashing, energetic, and a veteran. We had a company of cavalry, one of mounted infantry, the frontier company, and three cannon (one of them a culverin). We carried an abundance of stores and foodstuffs.

Arriving at San Luis Rey, we halted and very soon learned that the forces of Alvarado, three hundred in number, had left Los Angeles. With Alvarado were all his associates, José Castro, Salvador Vallejo,* José María Villa, the Torres, etc.

The brother of Mariano, Vallejo was established in Sonoma as captain of militia in 1836, where he was often in command of the post, engaging in many Indian campaigns. As Janssens notes, in 1838 he was in the south serving Alvarado in the campaign of that year. Although in 1839 he was appointed administrator of Solano Mission, and between 1838 and 1844 was grantee of three ranchos, he was not markedly prominent. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., V, 759.

Our force was smaller, but we had cannon (the enemy had none), brave men, and a good leader. We left at once to occupy Las Flores. Arriving there we saw the enemy, and we had time only to seize the house and a large corral made of adobe pillars.

As soon as the enemy saw us, they divided into two sections; one defiled down the road to the beach, the other to the slope of the hills, making two half-circles for the purpose of surrounding us. To the north, at our front, their camp was established, where Alvarado and all his staff were based.

As night came on, a message under a flag of truce came to Tovar, declaring that if we did not surrender before daybreak, our camp would be taken by force of arms. The document bore the signature of José Castro. This didn't scare Tovar. He sent reply that he was pleased with the valor of

his adversaries, that they could try to take the camp when they wished, and that he would defend it with arms.

As soon as Carrillo knew an attack was imminent, he was badly frightened and did nothing but weep. He said he did not want to shed blood and that he didn't feel safe.

Tovar suggested that Carrillo remain in the Las Flores ranch house, where he would post a guard and a cannon. Carrillo wouldn't accept this, but wanted to be in our camp in the corral. Then, with poles lashed with rawhide between the adobe pillars, we made a small fort and put him in the middle. Here the rifle balls could not harm him.

As soon as darkness fell, we changed the camp around, putting the cavalry and all the foot soldiers inside the corral. At each pillar three men were posted with their weapons, one of each group being always alerted with his weapon ready. Between, at intervals, were placed two men with lances, as Tovar knew that the enemy force was entirely cavalry. At the command “Inside!” they were to converge on the corral. Tovar ordered that we should draw the two big guns to each of the two angles of the 88 corral and that we should tie them with large strong *reatas*, so that in case they were lassoed in an assault by the enemy, they could not be hauled away nor moved from position. The men inside were to keep up a heavy fire against the assailants. One of the three cannon was small, and it was placed at a point covering the water supply, so that the enemy could not seize it.

The culverin was put in my charge, and the other large cannon in charge of Lieut. Zavaleta.

While we were organizing our position, we wrapped the gun carriages and wheels in burlap and bunches of straw, in order that the enemy could not hear the noise of moving the cannon.

Everything was prepared as if it were a fort, and if the enemy had attacked that night the greater part of their men would have died.

Don José Antonio Carrillo came to the center every half hour to see that everyone was at his post and alert. Lieut. José Antonio Pico was also very active. Bandini, Coronel, and Olvera, with a

detachment of ten men, patrolled all around the position from time to time. If they had seen any figures they would have fired. Bandini ran quite a risk of the enemy cutting off his retreat to the camp, as indeed they might have done had they been daring. We could not fire a shot lest we disclose our position.

Just before dawn Tovar inspected the entire field and said the attack would come soon. He aroused the men, and his aides took some brandy, and as it was cold, each man was given a cup to warm his body. Shortly, I noted that it was very quiet at the other gun position and reported this to Don José Antonio Carrillo. He went inside and I moved outside. I could reach the cannon without being seen by the sentry or gun captain. I was a little concerned, because a son of the above-mentioned Zavaleta was a cornet in the enemy's forces. When I got to the gun, Don José Antonio Carrillo found the sentry asleep and it was 89 necessary to relieve him. We were in considerable danger, had the enemy attacked, of having the gun and its position captured.

Dawn came at last, and a great stirring was noted among the enemy, but they did not attempt to attack our camp. We moved our cannon and placed them at some distance from the corral. Soon Tovar summoned those of us who were officers and asked if we wished to march out or remain in camp. We saw that if we remained, the enemy could take away the cattle, and the horses would leave the pasture. All of this we would not be able to prevent, and everyone would be left afoot. It was decided we should go forward and open a road through the enemy by cannon fire. The men from Los Alamitos and all of our members from Los Angeles were in favor of this plan. The mountaineers were to follow as the rear guard. By this plan we could take Los Angeles and obtain more supplies.

Tovar ordered that all of the lancers should mount and that the governor, the supplies, and equipment should be placed in the middle, the culverin at the front, the little cannon in the center on the flank, and the other cannon with the rear guard. In this way we could defend our front and open a road because, as I said before, the enemy had no artillery. The rear guard remained protected, and we needed it in climbing hills and crossing *barrancas*.

The start was to be made at 9 a.m. As I had the large culverin, I went in the lead. My orders were to fire upon any enemies who came within the range of the culverin.

Before we started to go or had even fired the cannon, I saw about twenty-five men moving in the direction of our rear guard. I gave the order to fire on them. The shot struck in their center, we saw two horses fall with their riders. One of them was Don Salvador Vallejo, and, strangely, he got up, unharmed by the shot.

Governor Carrillo came in a great rush and asked me why I had opened hostilities. I answered that I had done nothing but obey my orders.

In the midst of this we saw a soldier on horseback, with a white flag, come out of the Alvarado camp. Thereupon an officer and two soldiers went out from our camp. The flag-bearer presented a letter for Carrillo from Alvarado in which he sought a truce, with very affable and honeyed words about his beloved uncle, Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo. Part of the contents was to the effect that he didn't want to shed blood and that he was disposed to surrender his authority. To this end he indicated a neutral place between the two forces where they could negotiate arrangements for the delivery of his authority. A tent of hides was set up in the middle of the field. Señor Alvarado named four commissioners and Carrillo a like number to confer with each other.

In this way the campaign was ended. The two rival governors, uncle and nephew, met and conferred. From our camp, at the request of the enemy, we sent the besiegers some good things to eat and drink, including a demijohn of fine brandy which we had brought from San Luis.

Alvarado's commissioners offered to recognize the central government and to surrender authority to Señor Carrillo. Our commissioners required that this should be done in Los Angeles, as that was the most appropriate city; the others asked that it should be done in Monterey, the capital. In the end, neither place was agreed on, but it was decided instead that it should be done in San Fernando. It

was also agreed that our forces should return to their towns, that the Monterey troop should escort the two governors, and that they should take the cannon for the celebration.

When the agreement was known in our camp, we fully understood the intentions of Alvarado, for it was not the first time he had made promises which he never meant to fulfill. We 91 considered that it would amount to nothing. To him, it meant securing the disbanding of our forces and the possession of the cannon.

Señor Tovar called us to a meeting and consulted us. We made known to him what had happened before, that at most, this was a family matter—it would all amount to nothing. He then said that he was not going to wait to deliver the pieces the next day and that all who wished to return to San Diego and the frontiers could accompany him; he was leaving at midnight. I suggested that those of us who did not want to witness the surrender and desired to go to Los Angeles and points north should go together. Thus, next day Governor Carrillo left with the cannon, accompanied by the few who wished to witness his departure.

We left after midnight and after going a little way we met an outpost of Don José Castro. We told them that we were retiring in accordance with the agreement, and they permitted us to pass, saying that we would find others at San Juan Capistrano. Then they departed giving the hail "*Quien Vive*!" and we answered "Mexico!" These people were not definitely informed about the treaty and instead of examining us, they turned back at full gallop for San Juan. We passed through San Juan that night and spent most of the next day at the San Joaquin marsh. In the afternoon we continued our march, leaving at the various ranches those who had come from each. At nearly daybreak, the few of us remaining arrived at the house of Don Ignacio Coronel in Los Angeles. We related the events which had occurred since San Diego, including the making of the treaty. He, as a man of much experience, said that once at San Fernando, Alvarado would not lack a pretext for refusing to surrender his authority; and also that it wasn't strange that Alvarado had conducted Carrillo to the north. His opinion was that once past Los Angeles, there would be no surrender.

After a brief rest I went to see the condition of my work in the fields at San Pedro. The horses were gone—the equipment 92 gone to the devil. Where I had built fences, cattle had entered. In short, everything was ruined.

The idea returned to me of going to Mexico and not waiting for the rainy season to resume my work.

It happened as was expected. At San Fernando it turned out that the people of the north begged Alvarado to remain as governor, and for many other reasons the surrender was not made. The result was that the cannon were taken over and some of the men with them. Thus the campaign ended, with Alvarado master of the situation.

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VIII

Indians and Horse Thieves

SOME OF US made plans to go to Mexico by land. At San Rafael in Baja California at the ranch of Sergt. Gastélum, I became gravely ill. Some of my companions returned to San Diego when I was better, but I remained there until I recovered. Staying with me were Don José Antonio Pico, and others.

We continued our trip, but after the misfortunes and considering the insuperable difficulties in getting to San Blas, I decided to return to San Diego after spending some time with Padre Felix Caballero.

In the mission of Santo Tomás I knew Padre Mancilla, a Dominican, a generous and pleasant man and very easy going, who treated us very well.

Padre Felix Caballero, president of the Dominican missionaries of Baja California, lived at Guadalupe Mission. When I called there, at first I did not recognize him. I asked a man who was

at the door where the padre might be found, and he answered, at the shrine. I went there and spoke to the padre himself, thinking that he was the major-domo, as he had no insignia or anything else to indicate that he was a priest. He told me to go to the mission and wait for the padre who would not be delayed. The Indian *alcaldes*, on the way, told me that he who had directed me to go to the mission was Padre Felix himself, who labored as one of them, dressed as they did, and only wore his habit when he was in the mission.

A little before noon the padre entered, wearing a white frock and his priest's collar. I begged him to overlook the liberty I had taken in mistaking him for a servant. He laughingly replied that it wasn't the first time the mistake had been made and that being alone in this desert, he worked for a distraction.

He told me that only a short time before, he had gone to Mexico to see if he could obtain the padres needed to establish missions on the Colorado River. He was considering returning to Mexico to bring back the padres and everything needed for the foundings. He added that it was necessary to sup early that afternoon, because he had been advised that a party, suspecting that he possessed much money, would come from San Diego to surprise him. He took precautions and constantly had Indian watchers on both roads.

Padre Caballero started for Mexico in 1840. He was overcome about halfway along the road in Baja California. He died, I believe, on December 30 of that year while at the mission of San Ignacio.

Padre Caballero was a noted person and beloved by all.

After remaining some time in Baja California in company with Padre Caballero, I returned to San Diego, where I had a store and did business with the ships.

On the trip back we touched at the San Rafael ranch of Gastélum, and there we learned that an Alvarado force had come from above and had taken some of those who were at the house of Doña Tomasa Pico, wife of Alvarado of San Diego. [This surely was the capture of José Castro on

Christmas Eve of 1838 when he was in a saddle shop. (Savage)] It appeared that among those taken were Don Carlos A. Carrillo, his son Pedro, Don Pío Pico, and Don José Joaquín Ortega.

It was necessary for me to go to Los Angeles, leaving my store in charge of some who need not be mentioned. There I received letters telling me that if I did not return quickly, I would find 95 nothing but a shell and a counter, as my caretakers (Ocampo and Rojas) and the employees of another house were meeting at night to gamble, and that nightly one or the other was losing up to $100. I hastened to San Diego as fast as I could and found that my caretakers had not attended to any of the ships and had no assets.

I collected the little that remained. I went to the ranch of the Estudillos, called Otay, nine leagues from San Diego, near the border of Baja California. There I undertook to raise wheat with Santiago E. Argüello, married to Guadalupe Estudillo. All of the wheat farming failed, but we harvested a large crop of corn and beans.

The Indians threatened us. One night there were at the ranch Doña Francisca Estudillo, María de Jesús (the daughter of Doña Francisca's brother Don Joaquín, and the one who later married Mr. Davis of San Francisco), and Francisco Argüello. The Indians hated the latter bitterly because at Tia Juana, the ranch of his father Don Santiago, he had always been cruel to the Indians, maltreating them for any reason whatever. The impression prevailed there that Argüello's father was like a king, because of his financial power, which was very great. His brothers were not of the same sort.

Shortly after supper we heard noises and outcries, and soon the Indian servants warned us. We didn't have time to do more than wrap Francisco Argüello in a blanket before the Indians arrived at the door and called me by name.

I went out and met Chief Pedro Pablo, who was, as a youth a servant of Señora Francisca Estudillo. He spoke Spanish and told Doña Pachita that he knew that Francisco Argüello was in the house and that for this reason he had come. She answered that Francisco Argüello had been there and gone; he had come only to bring a letter. Pedro Pablo stared from one to another as though he suspected we

were not telling the truth. Then he 96 said to Doña Pachita: “It is well that Francisco Argüello has gone, because if another chief should come, it would go very badly with him.”

After the Indians departed the following night, Argüello left, and the next day Doña Francisca went to San Diego, and I accompanied her. Her sisters and relatives wanted me to stay; but it seemed to me that it would be more prudent to return at once, so that the Indians would not think that I had gone, and return to plunder the crops, horses, and sheep, and burn everything. I did not fear them, because I did not have their ill will.

On the Rancho de la Nación was Doña Victoria Domínguez, wife of José Antonio Estudillo, with all of her family. On the other side of the creek lived the family of Juan B. Alvarado, who was married to Doña Raimunda Yorba.

At the Otay ranch were several good firearms, which we always kept loaded, as the ranch was used as an avenue for access to the other ranches and many people of all classes went by there.

After midday (this was in the month of July or August of 1839—the wheat was ripe in the fields) two men were seen coming at full gallop down the cañon beyond the house, on the road which ran from Tia Juana. They rode up to the house, saying that they had come concerning the Indian uprising; that the Indians had burned Tia Juana, and that the corrals were burning. They (the informants), on seeing the Indians, had gone down into the river, saddled their horses, and ridden off. They had seen the burning of Tia Juana from the mesa, and they said that the Indians were coming and surely would burn everything. I told them to go down to the orchard and saddle a horse for me, so that I could go with them. Instead of this, as soon as they dismounted, they saw Indians on the crest of the hill behind the house, and they fled, leaving me rooted to the spot. When I saw the Indian band, I had no other choice but to shut myself in with the Indian Antonio, load the guns, and wait for the attack—there 97 was no way of escape. As soon as the Indians arrived, they screamed and yelled, fired some arrows into the air, and surrounded the house. The Indian José Antonio (favorite servant of Santiago E. Argüello) told me that they were going to kill us, but I was resolved to kill some of them first. I had readied things as best I could when they rapped at the

door, and I had to open it to show that I did not lack confidence in them. The three chiefs, Cartucho, Martín, and Pedro Pablo, faced me. With them had come a very big chief of the Gila Indians, whose name I do not remember, but he did not enter the house with the others. They asked me why it was I hadn't left, as all the others had done. I answered that it was because I was sure of the good will of the Indians and believed they would do me no harm, for I had always been known as a friend to them. They asked me if Juanito Alvarado and Andrés Fontes (Sonorans who for a long time had lived in San Diego) had not come. I replied that they had, but I had not wished to leave with them. The Indians then said they had come for these men. They asked me about the others, and I stated that I was alone, that is, without other companions than the ranch Indians working in the fields.

Then Martín told me not to worry, that everything of mine was safe, and that my herd of horses, in the corral where the Indians had driven them, would not be touched. I was ordered not to leave the ranch nor send for anyone while they were there. I told them there were vacant huts where they could stay and that they could kill beeves and have wheat for mush. They could readily see that I tried to treat them well.

The Indians of Jacum, with others of the Gileños, comprised a band of about three hundred warriors. They had brought fresh scalps of Indians whom they had killed in a battle near the Colorado River and were going to hold a scalp dance. At nightfall I went to their camp and after watching the dance, returned to the house. The Indian, José Antonio, was terrified, for he was 98 a Christian. I told him that the family of Estudillo were in danger at the Rancho de la Nación, and it was necessary that someone should warn them. I wanted Antonio to go, but he was greatly afraid, and I saw I would have to go myself. I gave orders to Antonio and to the other Indians to keep the doors securely closed and not to talk to anyone outside. In complete silence, I saddled my horse and went down the arroyo to the mesa. From there I went quickly on the gallop to the ranch. I was nearly lost because of the fog, but I finally got down to where the Alvarado family, all women, were staying.

So that the Indians at Otay would not know that I had left, I returned there quickly, having meanwhile given warning to Señora Victoria de Estudillo. I urged her to leave as soon as she could.

I found Doña Victoria and her daughters in a thicket of willows. They had committed themselves to God, because the two men who had warned me of the coming of the Indians had passed there and told them that the Indians were coming upon them. I asked for Fontes and Alvarado and was told that they had taken the road, to which I replied that they had done ill in not taking the women to San Diego. After giving them such advice as seemed called for by the situation, I went at full speed to Otay. Shortly after I returned, day broke, and at that moment the Indians came to knock on the door, to find out whether I was in the house. If I had come any later, I could not have entered without being seen.

As the Indians had been dancing and singing their war songs all night, they slept the next day, leaving only the sentinels awake. In the evening about fifty of them mounted horses and scouted the hills. These returned and then others went out. Apparently they were expecting someone from San Diego.

I examined the wheat, and seeing that the heads were very small, I gave it all to the Indians who gathered it and also helped 99 me clean the cornfield. All but the sentinels joined in this work. For this reason the Indians did me no harm.

In San Diego, instead of coming out to attack the enemy at Otay, the people were arming and bringing in the families from the ranches. The result was that from the Cajon and from the Rancho de la Nación near Tia Juana and Tecate, everything was deserted and at the mercy of the Indian raiders, who remained at Otay about two weeks without a force coming to disturb them. They then went to Jacum and the region toward the Colorado River, for the Indians of the Colorado had also risen. While at Otay, the Indians who had lances put pennants on them and appeared like a force of *gente de razón*.

As soon as the Indians withdrew, I dispatched a message to San Diego by the Indian, Antonio. On his arrival people swarmed around him, for according to what Fontes and Alvarado had said, the Indians had killed us. From the hill they had seen the discharge of arrows. It is true that the Indians

did discharge arrows, but they were shot in an arc over the house. They believed me already dead, and masses were held and responses chanted for my soul.

I firmly believe that if I had not gone so promptly to warn the families at the Rancho de la Nación, it would have been as it was at Jamul, the ranch of Don Pío Pico, where the Indians carried off the women and killed all the men and children they could find.

Santiago E. Argüello came to the ranch, because he did not like the appearance of things, but went off again soon. Others also were there, to whom I related all these occurrences in full.

Argüello brought me a man named Manuel (a Sonoran) to remain on the ranch, so that I could go to San Diego. But I refused to go until I could collect and take with me whatever I could move. What I was unable to take I gave to various poor neighbors.

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When I arrived at San Diego with the carts, Santiago E. Argüello had gone to San Juan Capistrano, where his father, the old Capt. Don Santiago Argüello, was administrator. While I was busy with all my transport, there arrived in San Diego Agustín Olvera, young Rocha, and others, who said that in Los Angeles much anxiety was felt for the fate of Luis Arenas, Antonio F. Coronel, and others, who were coming from Sonora. The Indians along the way had risen and Don Ignacio Coronel and others had gone to the valley of San Jose to send word to them. This they couldn't do because the Indian chief, Charagüe, was also on the warpath. This chief was usually friendly but on this occasion he had committed a hostile act in closing the road. However, he did no damage to the ranches and soon made peace. Charagüe was a powerful chief who ruled all the region between the valley of San Jose and the Colorado River. Olvera and Rocha hoped that as I had met the chiefs of Jacum, I could get the message through.

I suggested to these men that if they wished, they could go with me as far as Tecate. This they did not want to do, as they were afraid of the Indians, whom they did not know. Others went with me to Tecate, where they waited for my return.

I went into the mountains where I met the chiefs Martín and Pedro Pablo. I explained to them the purpose of my visit, which was the necessity of getting a letter to Luis Arenas and the others, who by now should be about two days distant on the other side of the river. At first they said it could not be done, because the Indians from the north were their enemies; but by force of entreaties, and offers, and gifts of abalones, Pedro Pablo agreed to go, but he imposed upon me the condition that I should protect his return. He asked the loan of my pistols, and I gave them to him very reluctantly. But, after all, they were of no use to me there, because if they wished to kill me they could do so.

Pedro Pablo took the letter enclosed in a small cloak of rabbit 101 skin. After two days, my supplies were exhausted, and I had to eat Indian food. On the eighth day, the pagan arrived with the report that my friends were one day's journey away, and that if he had not found them, their deaths would have been certain. Arenas, Coronel, and the others raised camp and went back. I could learn no more from him. On my return to Tecate I found that those who were to wait for me had left because they had eaten all their food, and furthermore they thought I would not return.

After a little time, Capt. Argüello sent for me to come to San Juan Capistrano to make the wine and brandy at the mission. As I could not refuse, I went there.

I begged Santiago E. Argüello to go to the Otay ranch, for I feared that the Indians would come and take away his horses. He delayed, and the Indians came and fell upon the ranch. Manuel, the Sonoran, fled and didn't stop until he arrived in San Diego. The Indians took all the horses.

I have omitted to relate a deplorable incident which occurred in San Diego when I resided there.

In the month of — of 183— I lived in the house of Doña Rafaela Serrano. I was accustomed to go each night to the house of Don José Bandini,* where there were two Indians, one named — and the other a lame boy called Tríbilin. This boy came to warn the daughters of Bandini that the other Indian seemed alarmed and worried. The other Bandini Indian was asked why he acted that way. He began with evasions 102 which they did not understand. Then Don José urged him to explain clearly and without fear, as no one would hear him. He then said that he was involved in a plot in

which the Indians were to rise up and attack at night. He and some of the others were to open the doors when the attackers came in the middle of the night. Bandini asked him if he knew the others involved in the conspiracy. The Indian mentioned names of various Indian cooks in San Diego homes, who were asked to take the same part in the plot. Bandini asked him what he had decided to do, and the Indian replied that he didn't want to do anything, because he had great affection for the family. Don José then told him not to be afraid and that he should be quiet and nothing would happen to him, but the Indian was badly frightened.

José Bandini, the father of Juan, with whom Janssens had much association, was a native of Spain, who came to America in 1793 and became a mariner with his home in Lima. In 1819 he brought to California from San Blas a cargo of war supplies. He repeated this in 1821 and, on returning to San Blas, raised the Mexican flag on his ship, the *Reina*, which he claimed was the first vessel to fly independent colors in all the republic. Iturbide rewarded him for this and other services by making him captain of militia. In 1822 he was retired with the rank of *fuero militar* and the right to wear the uniform. A few years later, being a widower, he came with his son Juan, to San Diego, where he built a house and lived until his death in 1841. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, II, 708-709.

Don José Bandini sent for Don José Antonio Estudillo, justice of the peace, and others, who came to the house, and he informed them of what had happened, requesting them not to expose the Indian. It later appeared that they did not withhold the Indian's name when they had Macedonio González come to capture the conspirators.

Macedonio González came. He was stationed in the presidio above the town, where a guard was quartered, whenever there was one available.

Macedonio took the accused Indians from their houses, as well as some others. After the investigation, some were later put at liberty. That night nearly all the Indian servants of the town were arrested. They were brought to the court and their statements taken. The result was that the next morning all were condemned to be shot without even a pretense of justice. Among those sentenced to death was the Indian of the house of Don José Bandini. Five were shot, but Bandini's Indian was freed and sent home.

This violent execution without form of law brought sorrow to all the inhabitants, for no one had anticipated such a hasty 103 proceeding. This feeling, however, was not shared by Macedonio. Indeed, he was quite accustomed to killing Indians. For him to shoot an Indian was as easy a matter,

it seemed, as taking a cup of chocolate. It is true that when anyone made comments about his action, he tried to justify the motive of his conduct by saying that it was the only way to keep the savages quiet; that from official experience, the Indians were without mercy, except in rare cases; indeed, wherever they attacked they did so in blood and fire. With the women they followed a course more cruel than death, carrying them off to live with them as degraded consorts of savages, lost from their kindred forever.

The people of San Diego doubtless reflected that without this example, calculated to inspire fear in the Indians, there would have been in the future terrible scenes in the town, and perhaps the destruction of everyone.

The Indians of Jacum had made a plan for recovering California, which they claimed belonged to them. I had heard this said several times by the chiefs, Cartucho and Pedro Pablo. The latter was the more expressive, as he spoke better Spanish, and served as spokesman for the others. I told them that they were crazy to think about things that could never come to pass. But the Indian replied that I didn't know the connections they had made. He said they were not alone, but that there were many others throughout California and in places where they would be least expected. It seemed that this was not mere bragging, because a warning was received from the north which corroborated what Pedro Pablo had said.

These Jacum Indians were bold and brave. They were always at war, and San Diego suffered much at their hands. If it had not been for the little frontier guard, commanded by a man as energetic as Macedonio González, supported by his friend and companion Jatiñil, San Diego would have fallen or seen itself in terrible distress. The government had not maintained there 104 a garrison properly disciplined or accustomed to Indian warfare.

After concluding my work in San Juan Capistrano I went to San Gabriel, where Don Juan Bandini was administrator.

Bandini was developing the Rancho Jurupa, between the Rancho Chino and San Bernardino. I went there with the family of the first wife of Don Juan and with Don José, who wanted to be with his

young granddaughters: Josefa (later wife of Pedro C. Carrillo), Arcadia (later wife of Abel Stearns, and who later, in her widowhood, married Col. Baker), and Isidora.

The ranch was level, valuable, and prosperous. The San Bernardino River flowed through it. There was a *ranchería* of Cahuillas, who worked on the ranch and who were always having dances. One could see across the plain all the way to Cucamonga.

Once while I was there we saw a great cloud of dust and soon learned that it was raised by people from New Mexico, accompanied by Indians, driving horses. As these people were strangers, Don José Bandini directed us to hide the things of value, and he and his family went down to the river bed and hid themselves in the brush, some distance from the house. Two of us remained at the house to watch the movements of the strangers. At sunset, dust could be seen on the plain as though they were coming from the Rancho de la Puente toward our ranch. They were driving many horses. We had driven our own horses down the river in the direction of Santa Ana de las Yorbas. As soon as it began to be dark, and order was given to find out what direction they were taking. At about ten, the *vaqueros* returned, saying that they had taken the cañon, as though they were going to the valley. With this good news the family returned to the house, for at that season it was very cold in the brush. It was either December 1839 or the early part of the year 1840.

Don Juan Bandini sent a servant to find out about his family.

The New Mexicans took three droves of horses from the 105 Rancho de la Puente, two from Chino, and whatever they found en route. Residents of Los Angeles came out in pursuit but recovered only the stragglers along the road.

The following harvest season of 1840, I worked at the making of wine and brandy.

I knew that the Indians who were working for me were getting drunk, but I couldn't find out where they got the liquor. Finally I discovered that after I loaded the stills and finished stoking the fires, and had retired to my room (out of which ran the water coils of the brandy stills; at that time all coil were underneath), and as I lay down while the stills heated, they spied on me. When all was quiet,

they lifted the cover of the still, took out wine, and quickly put the cover back. When I discovered the scheme, chains were put on the stills, and as soon as they were filled, they were padlocked. This gave me some respite for a few days. Later they devised a new strategy, by which neither Bandini nor I could see how they got wine to become drunk. The worst of it was not that they got drunk, but that they became bloated with the enormous amount of wine consumed while still in the fermentation stage. Bandini gave them wine in the morning, at eleven, and in the afternoon, so they wouldn't take it themselves, but it wasn't possible to stop them. At last the riddle was solved. It was noted that they drew the wine from the presses (large depositories of masonry in which the juice of the grapes fermented) in barrels open at the top, hanging from a pole, which the Indians carried, two to each barrel. The one behind walked with a stick as a support. On the return, the one who had before gone first came back in the rear. It was discovered that the stick was of hollow cane, and through it the one in the rear sucked wine until he was full, and then quickly passed the cane to the other on the return.

At the end of 1840 the vintaging was completed. It consisted of 400 barrels of wine and 135 of brandy.

IX

Janssens Appointed Administrator of the Mission San Juan Capistrano

AFTER SPENDING the winter with the Bandini family, I made a trip to San Diego. From there I went to San Juan Capistrano where I found the Argüello families.

At this time Capt. Argüello had applied for the Trabuco ranch at San Juan near the road to the mountains.

I prepared to plant a crop on part of the land of the old mission of San Juan Capistrano. One day while very busy at this work, two Indian *alcaldes* presented themselves, saying that Padre José María Zalvidea* and the *visitador general* of missions, Don Guillermo Eduardo Hartnell wanted

me. On entering the patio I saw the Indians gathered, with the padre and Hartnell present. The latter said that I was called because I was to be put in charge of the administration of the mission.

Padre José Zalvidea's missionary service was chiefly at San Gabriel and San Juan Capistrano. In spite of the fact that he was a controversial figure and that his mind suffered decline in later years, he is justly regarded as one of the great missionaries. Janssens' high opinion of Zalvidea is fully corroborated in the biographical sketch of him given in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., V, 621-23. The full story of the padre's work is told by Zephyrin Engelhardt, *San Juan Capistrano* (Los Angeles, 1922).

Because of my friendship with the Argüellos and the fact that the old captain had left his son Santiago in charge of the mission, I asserted that he should be appointed. Hartnell answered that the Indians wanted me to be administrator, and Padre 107 Zalvidea wanted it likewise, and that he, as *visitador general*, could not do less than accede to their wishes.

I pointed out that the mission was entirely without resources. Señor Hartnell replied that San Luis Rey and San Fernando would give it assistance. After a moment's consideration, I accepted the position, but with the condition that I would never ask any aid of the government, nor was it to ask anything from me, because whatever I should acquire would be for the Indians. This being agreed, they handed me the keys.

I named two Indian *alcaldes* to go to Los Angeles to bring back the Indians, who had all left because there had been no means of livelihood at the mission. I talked with the neighboring ranchers, Don José Sepúlveda (father of the present Judge Ignacio Sepúlveda) of San Joaquin, the Yorbas, and the ávilas, and they all gladly offered to help me. Some sent cartloads of seed, corn and other grain, others meat and lard, in fact all the ranchers behaved like men, which greatly pleased Padre Zalvidea. I soon enclosed the gardens and set up forges and looms. I put the carpenters to work sawing lumber and making wheels of the sort in use in the country. I traded thirty of these wheels to the ranchers in exchange for goods and twenty to Juan B. Leandry, also in exchange for goods to clothe the Indians, who were almost naked. Don José Antonio Aguirre advanced me $400 in goods from his boat, to be repaid in brandy and cowbells. I gathered about two hundred Indians and clothed them all, as well as about the same number of *vaqueros*.

With the carts that were left me, I gathered wild grapes and prickly pears from the hills. I fermented them and made brandy. There were large groves of olive trees, and from the fruit I made oil for the year's requirements, and from the oil-cake, soap. Thus I could issue soap to the Indians. Of course, a great deal of corn and bean seed was planted. The Indians worked contentedly. I settled all of the Indian population in the ravine 108 which led to the old mission. For their own advancement, they worked two days each week at their own gardens and huts, and the rest of the time at the mission. I undertook to restore the old water ditch, which Padre Zalvidea told me had not run for fourteen years. We went to work with eagerness, and it was pleasing to see the tenacity with which the Indians labored. People laughed at me, saying that since the time of the missionary padres the water ditch had not been repaired; it had been abandoned since before Don Francisco Sepúlveda became administrator. Don José Antonio Pico and Don Santiago Argüello had not even pretended to do anything, though they had more resources—so Don Andrés Pico told me. But, seeing the desires of the Indians, I carried on the work which did not offer great difficulties, and I managed to get the water to the garden. The day the water reached the mission there was a real fiesta. Padre Zalvidea, filled with joy, said: “Well, well, gentlemen, now we have the water again.” And while saying this he waded into the ditch, as he was, with his shoes on. He never got tired of blessing the water ditch.

(There were things told about Padre Zalvidea, the narration of which puts their truth in doubt. I will relate one such case. One day a gentleman, Don José Joaquín Ortega, who owed a herd of cattle to the mission, made delivery. In the drove were some very wild animals, and the herd was put in a corral behind the mission in front of the small garden. The padre was told that he shouldn't go to the little garden, because some wild bulls might accidentally get out and injure or kill him. However, he absent-mindedly went walking, reading his book, as was his custom. Seeing this, the sacristan, Eustaquio as he was called, yelled at the padre. It seemed that a wild bull had broken out, and as the animal had started for the plain he came upon the padre, who, with his usual habit, was reading without paying attention to his surroundings. The bull passed at the very side of 109 the padre, without hurting him, but covering him and the book with dirt thrown up by his running hooves. The padre merely shook his book, saying: “Well, well, don't throw dirt on me,” without showing the least concern, and continued his walk and his reading.

(The padre experienced religious exaltations and sometimes twitched as he undertook to drive away the devil, but otherwise he was of a sane mind. He carried on conversations perfectly and one could take advice from him about any matter, as he gave the impression that whatever was said to him would be well considered. The goodness of his heart had no limit.)

Some who saw me building fences and improving the houses gave the opinion that the faster the mission was improved, the sooner would come an order to secularize it, and then it would pass into other hands. Andrés Pico, José Antonio Estudillo, and others reiterated this to me many times.

Hartnell, the *visitador general*, was a fair and honest man, but he was struggling in vain against political influences and other obstacles, and could not eliminate the disorders. Disgusted, he resigned a position which brought him no honor and much unpleasantness.

During the year 1840 things went well, but in 1841 the deviltries began. Some sought title to the mission, some to rent it, and others to make it into a pueblo.

I had added to the herd of horses a small band given me by the father of Don Juan ávila, and I succeeded in gathering six hundred sheep. I received orders to contribute the animals, but I stood on the condition on which I had accepted the administration and refused to deliver them.

When I saw what was going on, I wrote to Governor Alvarado, proposing that the mission be given to me for six years, and that at the end of that time I would leave the gardens fenced and the property restored, so that there would be no need to 110 sell the mission. Shortly afterward, I received from Alvarado a copy of an order sent to Don Juan Bandini for the formation of the Pueblo of San Juan and the distribution of the mission lands. I realized that it would be in vain to carry on. I had expected this, and accordingly, for the support of the Indians, orchards and vineyards had been planted, tile had been brought, and huts built. Bandini, the commissioner, approved what was done, and the land near the tannery was set aside for people from San Diego. Bandini agreed that the Indians should remain on the lands they occupied. The order for secularization was dated the 29th of July, 1841, signed by Juan Bautista Alvarado, governor, and Manuel Jimeno, secretary.

Bandini, because of his other occupations, was not able to attend to the commission and charged me with it.

As soon as I had finished, I thought it more prudent that I, myself, should remove the letters and accounts of the mission, together with the documents demanded. Before leaving, I wrote to Bandini in order that he would be informed of everything done. I called Padre Zalvidea to my room and showed him where I had put the gold coins that he had entrusted to me, so that in case of accident he would know where they were.

(The padre, against my wish, had made me the depositary of a waistcoat in which the money was sewn—each piece separate from the other. I believe it was 117 ounces of gold—at least that is what he told me. I did not look at it or count it. Then I buried the waistcoat in my private bedroom under the floor tiles at one of the corners, and replaced the tiles. The padre was not present when the money was buried.)

I closed my room, took the key, and left with one of the Indian *alcaldes*. When I went through Santa Ana, I entrusted Don Tomás Yorba with the good care of Padre Zalvidea and informed him where the money was. I continued on my way to Los Angeles, slept in the house of Don Ignacio Coronel, and 111 told him everything about my trip and what I had left in my room.

The next day I left for Santa Barbara.* I slept at San Buenaventura, where Don Rafael González was the administrator and Don Vicente Pico, major-domo. At Santa Barbara I informed Padre Presidente Narciso Durán about Padre Zalvidea's money. The reason this money was entrusted to me was that there were people continually seeking to borrow it, and many (or rather all) would fail to repay it. The padre wanted to have a reserve fund for any eventuality and for his own maintenance. I told him that the money at San Juan was in danger of being stolen by whoever came along—as finally did happen—because he in his innocence told someone where the money was hidden. I am now going to relate the sinister consequences which this affair brought me and the unpleasantness it caused, in spite of all the precautions which I took to protect myself.

Janssens' departure for Santa Barbara marked the end of his services at San Juan Capistrano. The story of his services as major-domo there, and of his experiences in connection with the money entrusted to him by the padre, is organized, amplified, and corroborated in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., IV, 624-28, and by Engelhardt in his *San Juan Capistrano*, pp. 129-46. Both Bancroft and Engelhardt record the successes achieved by Janssens, and the inevitable final disintegration and dissolution of the community. On the question of the money that had been entrusted to him, about which there arose complications, Bancroft does not challenge the honesty of Janssens, and Engelhardt strongly affirms it.

I went on to Santa Inés, where those in charge were Padre José Joaquín Jimeno,* and Administrator Don Francisco Cota.* There I met Lieut. Col. José Castro, who had returned from 112 Mexico. He entrusted me with a letter for his *compadre*, the governor, and gave me an order on the missions for all assistance I might need. I took it so that I could travel easily.

An important missionary figure at this time. He served at San Luis Rey, 1827-30; Santa Cruz, 1830-33; Santa Inés, 1833-50; and also at San Gabriel and Santa Barbara. From 1838 he was president of the Fernandinos, vicar in 1838-39, and prefect after Padre Durán's death in 1846. He founded the Santa Inés Seminary in 1844 and the missionary college of Dolores at Santa Barbara in 1854, where he served as its president until his death in 1866. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., IV, 692.
Francisco Cota, who was a soldier at Santa Barbara previous to 1837, served as *comisionado* and administrator at Santa Inés, 1837-41, and was judge there in 1841 and 1848. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 663-64; IV, 646-48.

At Purísima the administrator was Don José Antonio de la Guerra y Carrillo,* who gave me horses, etc. I arrived at Monterey without delay and lodged at the house of Don Joaquín Gómez.

The person referred to was José Antonio de la Guerra, son of José de la Guerra y Noriega of Santa Barbara, who held office almost continuously from 1829 to 1846 but with no marked distinction. In 1836-37 he took a prominent part in support of Alvarado's government; in 1837-40 he was captain of the port of Santa Barbara; in 1841-42 he was administrator at Purísima, where there were serious charges preferred against him; and in 1843 he was again captain of the port of Santa Barbara. He took part in the affair of the lost cannon in Santa Barbara in 1848. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., III, 768-69.

I asked for Governor Alvarado and was told that he had injured a foot and had delegated his authority temporarily to the first speaker of the assembly and secretary of government, Don Manuel Jimeno Casarín.*

A man of strength and faithfulness as a government official, Jimeno Casarín had served in a number of offices previous to his service as secretary of state under Alvarado in 1839-42. In this office he often acted as governor during Alvarado's illness. Although he was grantee of three ranchos between 1839 and 1845, he did not appear as claimant for any of these before he went to Mexico in 1853, where he died the same year. For detailed notes on this admirable man, see Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., IV, 692.

Nevertheless, Alvarado received me, and I gave him the letter from Castro. I told him why I came and that I was returning soon. He referred me to Señor Jimeno to settle the business of the mission. He asked me not to leave until Don José Castro arrived, in order that I could aid in the preparation of the entertainment for him.

After being in Monterey three days, I received a letter from Agustín Olvera, telling me that in Los Angeles it was rumored that I had fled to Mexico, taking with me the money of Padre Zalvidea. Every day this was repeated to the padre so that he would take measures against me, which he refused to do. This 113 was done so often that one day the padre said: “Come, come, gentlemen, it is not as you say. Janssens, before he left, showed me where he left the money of mine—it is in his room.” It was an evil day when he said these last few words. Those who were hunting for the money did not fail. They searched my room and found the treasure, and carried it off. But I did not learn this until long afterward, when orders were sent for my arrest. When Antonio Coronel and Agustín Olvera heard of the charges against me, they went to my room, and on one of the tiles (of which I had told them) they found a scratch.

I received a letter which said that the prefect, Don Santiago Argüello, had issued a warrant for my arrest. On learning this, I went at once to Governor Alvarado, who knew it was all a trick. Indeed, he well knew that I had wanted to return to the south long before and that only he had detained me. The warrant arrived the next day. It was brought by Don José Antonio de la Guerra y Carrillo, who liked me well and told me he couldn't avoid bringing it. I directed him to take it to the governor, as I was not afraid.

The costs of the reception for Castro were raised by subscription and amounted to $300. Besides, everyone who had mirrors and other furnishings and decorations lent them to adorn the dance rooms, the lunch tables, etc. Everything was brilliant and ready for the arrival of *compadre* Castro. Alvarado, quite ill, went to see the ballrooms and left well satisfied, not only with the preparations, but with the good will with which all the inhabitants of Monterey had contributed to the luster of the fiesta. Alvarado thought that I had contributed generously from my own purse. It seemed to

him that the entertainment for the first table alone might have cost $500, but it did not. Finally, everything was done according to the desired standard, and Castro received his ovation.

Governor Alvarado said he was going to give me an order by 114 virtue of which no one could obstruct me on my trip to the south. I received this order and left with it. At his home in Santa Barbara Don Juan Camarillo* told me that an order had been issued for my arrest. Then Judge Fernando Ticó informed me of the order, after having explained how sorry he was to execute it. When I saw him so sad, as he was my friend, I pulled out of my pocket the order of Governor Alvarado. He read it, and said that this was the order he would obey.

Camarillo came to California from Mexico City at the age of 22, probably with the Híjar and Padrés colony. He engaged in mercantile pursuits in the Santa Barbara area until 1859, when he took up ranching in what is now Ventura County, becoming owner of the Calleguas Rancho. Under the United States he was a highly respected citizen until his death in 1880. See Mason, *Hist. of Santa Barbara Co*., p. 392; Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., II, 740.

Then, in Los Angeles at the house of Don Ignacio Coronel I was told what had happened at San Juan. I was downcast, for how was I to prove that I hadn't taken the money? The situation was bad; my reputation and everything else were at stake.

While I was passing by the house of Don José Antonio Carrillo, some people called to me. Andrés Pico was there, and they were on the point of sitting down to lunch. They invited me to come in, but I told them I was in no mood to eat. Then Pico said to me: “If you pay me the reward for good news by sitting down to lunch, this apprehension will leave you.” I realized that he knew something in my favor, and I promised everything. As soon as we finished lunch, he told me the whole story. While he was coming from San Luis Rey, he arrived at San Juan Capistrano. He went right to the door of my room and at first noted a great silence. Later, he was aware of a certain noise inside my room, then he heard someone talking in a low voice. He had arrived without making any noise, and heard a sound like scratching. He fixed his attention upon it and heard one person say to his companions (his name I do not wish to mention): “Here is the *tatema* [prize]!” Then he heard sounds as though a tile was 115 being lifted. Then the object either fell or broke, and he heard money rolling on the floor. Someone said to another: “Here are the doubloons—quiet, so no one will hear.” As soon as he learned everything, he left without making any noise, so that it would not

be suspected that he had discovered anything. Suddenly, the idea occurred to him that that was the money of which Padre Zalvidea had made me the depositary. He saw Don Juan Bandini and told him what had occurred. Bandini left immediately, as he had motives of justice and hoped that the matter might be settled without ado or scandal. [Francisco Argüello was charged with the theft, but Mr. Janssens refused to give his name. (In English; Savage)] Most of the money was found in the possession of those who had taken it, and some six or seven coins in an Indian *ranchería*. Those who had the gold didn't know how to get rid of it, for in those days, when only a very few individuals could make change for one doubloon, those who could show any gold doubloons were few and were conspicuous.

X

Governor Manuel Micheltorena and the Bloodless Revolution

I RETURNED TO Santa Barbara in response to a sudden and unexplained call from José Antonio Aguirre and Don José Antonio Estudillo. It turned out that María Antonia Estudillo (known as Nutria ever since she was a little girl) was going to marry Miguel Pedrorena. They wanted me to join in the fiesta, and so I did.*

That the marriage of a daughter of Juan Antonio Estudillo was arranged to take place in Santa Barbara, when the home of her father was in San Diego, may be explained by the fact that Aguirre of Santa Barbara was married to her sister. Bancroft writes as if the marriage took place in San Diego, but Janssens' statement about it is supported by the record in the marriage register at the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Santa Barbara. The marriage occurred May 4, 1842.

Captain Argüello arrived, and while I was not at all pleased with him for his conduct as prefect against me in the affair of Padre Zalvidea's money, when he acted without having first learned the truth, I didn't allow myself to show it. He made explanations, and told Aguirre that he wished to be friends with me. I finally agreed to this.

Afterwards I made an arrangement with Don José Antonio Aguirre to take charge of his establishment in Santa Barbara, and travelled south to wind up my affairs.

I had left at the house of Don Ignacio Coronel the deed to my garden, many other important papers, and a diary in which I had noted everything since my departure from Mexico. I have never been able since that day to find those papers.

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I was put in charge of Aguirre's store; he was to furnish the goods at cost, and I would have half of the profits. Aguirre was continually leaving on trips; he made one to Lima.

Sometime later, the—day of—,1842,* I married María Antonia Pico, the young daughter of Don Vicente Pico. Padre José de Jesús González married us, and the attendants were Señor Juan Wilson* and Doña Ramona Carrillo, his wife. Of this marriage, I have had several children.

The date of his marriage is recorded as January 27, 1843, in the marriage register at the church of Our Lady of Sorrows in Santa Barbara.
John Wilson, a Scottish shipmaster and trader, arrived in California in 1826. Between that date and 1845, records show him to have been the master of a number of ships. From 1836, when he married Ramona Carrillo de Pacheco, he claimed Santa Barbara as his home. A partnership in otter hunting and other enterprises existed between him and James Scott from 1839 to 1847. He was the owner of lands by purchase or grant and spent the later years of his life in ranching. He was popular with the Californians as well as the early Americans. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., V, 777; and George Nidever, *Life and Adventures of George Nidever*, William H. Ellison, ed. (Berkeley, 1937), pp. 58, 61, 112.

On the 14th day of December, 1843, having been for some time separated from Aguirre, I formed an association with Don Cesário Lataillade,* Spanish vice-consul and son-in-law of Capt. Don José de la Guerra.

This Spaniard of French descent came to California as supercargo of the *Trinidad* in 1842. He became well known as a man of business, making Santa Barbara his home, and there marrying María Antonia de la Guerra. From 1846 he was vice-consul of Spain at Monterey, but was allowed to reside in Santa Barbara from 1847. Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., IV, 708.

About this time (that is, 1843) the wife of Capt. de la Guerra died, and the troops of Comandante General and Governor Manuel Micheltorena came to Santa Barbara. I presented my respects to the gentleman at the home of Don José Antonio Aguirre. Micheltorena insisted that I take the contract for furnishing bread to his troops while they were in Santa Barbara, and I undertook and performed it, delivering the bread twice a day.

The Californians had applied to these troops, the epithet of *Cholos*. It is true that these soldiers were inclined to be thieves, 118 but they never stole anything of value; they would take only clothes and foodstuffs. However, the moment a theft was proven against them, they were rigorously punished. At the end of two weeks, the general and his troops went to Monterey.

In 1844, I went into business with Don Juan Wilson and Scott. As I had undertaken to sell goods to the mission of Santa Inés, it was necessary for me to have a place to keep them. I decided to apply for a ranch over there, and being reassured by a favorable report from Padre Jimeno, administrator of the mission, I applied to Governor Micheltorena for one. It was granted to me in the year 1844, and I at once undertook to collect cattle and horses. I came and went and conducted much business, as I had many people employed in handling the cattle. I had up to $1,000 worth of goods for sale, for one could deal with Padre José Joaquín Jimeno with complete confidence. My store in Santa Barbara was prosperous in every way, and things went well.

In November 1844 an election was held to nominate the seven electors who were to select *alcaldes*. They attempted to elect Nicolás Agustino Den* and José María Covarrubias, but they met great difficulty. On December 12, 1844, the seven electors voted, and I had four votes in my favor. I was elected to be the first *alcalde* of the district and to act as judge of the first instance. I was officially notified the same day by the electoral board.* 119 Don Ramón Malo* Don Luis Burton,* Don Rafael Gonzalez* and Don Juan Camarillo voted for me. My opponents tried to annul the election, although in their objections nothing was said against me—everything was directed against the electors, according to a letter from Señor Lataillade from Monterey, dated December 27, 1844. This letter is still in my possession. These objections were taken by Fernando Ticó to Governor Micheltorena. The explanation also went by the same brigantine to Monterey. Micheltorena had entertained the first objections and ordered that a new election should be held, but after he learned the truth, he issued a counter-order, and this Capt. Blanco brought on his ship and presented to the appropriate judges. When Don José Andrade learned of the arrival of this counter-order, he asked that nothing be said. Soon Blanco informed me of it.

An Irish physician who arrived in California in 1836. He at once located permanently in Santa Barbara where he married the daughter of Daniel Hill about the time he was naturalized in 1841. In addition to giving medical advice, Den became a stock raiser of considerable wealth; served as collector in Santa Barbara in 1842; *alcalde* of Santa Barbara in 1845, and in the same year a lessee of the Santa Barbara Mission with his father-in-law; and in the 1840's was the grantee of three ranchos. This highly respected man died at Santa Barbara in 1862. See Streeter, “Recollections,” pp. 259,276; Mason, *Hist. of Santa Barbara Co*., pp. 46-47; Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif*., II, 779.

Under date of December 12, 1844, Francisco de la Guerra, secretary of the electoral board, wrote Janssens as follows: “At the meeting of the electoral board of this date, call for the nomination of *alcaldes* who are to comprise the *ayuntamiento* for the coming year, you were named first *alcalde* of this district.” See Janssens' “Documentos.”

Being grantee of Purísima and Santa Rita Ranchos, Santa Barbara, in 1845, gave José Ramón Malo standing in the region around Santa Inés, where he lived for a number of years.

A native of Tennessee, Lewis T. Burton came to California in 1831 with the Wolfskill party and settled in Santa Barbara. As an otter hunter, trader, ranchero, and merchant, he became wealthy. He married Antonia, the daughter of Carlos Carrillo, in 1839. He was naturalized in 1842. The name of Burton is perpetuated in Santa Barbara in “Burton Mound,” which he purchased from A. F. Hinchman in 1860, and where he made his home until his death in 1879. See J. P. Harrington, *Exploration of the Burton Mound at Santa Barbara, California* (Washington, D.C., 1928), pp. 31-33, 58-60; Nidever, *Life and Adventures*, pp. 36, 58, 75-76, 106; Streeter, “Recollections,” pp. 164, 176-77; Mason, *Hist. of Santa Barbara Co*., p. 48; Storke, *History of Santa Barbara Co*., pp. 36, 37.

Rafael Gonzalez was *alcalde* in Santa Barbara, 1829-32, 1835 and 1845. He served as administrator and major-domo of San Buenaventura Mission in 1838-42. In 1878 he gave his narrative, “Experiencias,” to Bancroft for his collection of historical materials.

I received no benefit from being a judge, as the office was purely honorary; it carried no salary and provided many headaches. My opponents had been accustomed to occupying these offices, and when one left the *camarilla* [ring], another entered it. They enjoyed the power for their own ends. I did not covet 120 the office, and even less at that time when a revolution was brewing against Gen. Micheltorena. I knew that I would be involved in some manner, though I had determined not to participate again in governmental affairs.

Very soon I learned that Juan Bautista Alvarado intended to rise in rebellion at San Jose and to call on his *compadre*, Don José Castro. I doubted very much if Castro would agree. He already had authority, and furthermore, Gen. Micheltorena had treated him very kindly. He owed many favors to the general, who had defended him in Mexico and had later obtained for him the office of lieutenant colonel of cavalry. With his own hands he had pinned the insignias of rank on him. But on the other hand, Castro was a friend and *compadre* to Alvarado, and they had been companions in campaigns of former years.

Castro was engaged in establishing a military post in the San Joaquin Valley and had there a cavalry force. I feared that if Castro moved to the coast, he would surely take sides with his *compadre*.

But to return to the mission of Fernando Ticó in Monterey—after he had presented to the governor the objection to the election and had obtained the order for a new election, he prepared to go the next day to Santa Barbara. That night he went out with some friends at Monterey. He drank more than he was accustomed to, and his friends learned what had happened in the election at Santa Barbara. One word called for another until the cat was let out of the bag. He told what had been plotted—that the people of Santa Barbara knew nothing of his errand. He explained the illegal manner by which signatures were obtained at San Julián, etc., and before he finished, he had made statements against the general. It seems that some officers of the general were passing by and overheard Ticó. The next day they told Micheltorena about it, and he ordered Ticó placed under arrest. But he had left for Santa Barbara, going by forced marches. Fortunately, 121 Capt. Blanco's brigantine was leaving, and he brought the counter-order mentioned earlier. The winning judges or *alcaldes* were José María Covarrubias and Antonio Rodríguez. The latter was second.

When the revolution broke out in the north, my opponents all went into hiding. I let them remain there in order to avoid having to punish them for their rebellion.

Castro and Alvarado, with the other revolutionists, went south early in 1845. While passing through my ranch (La Purificatión) they raided my chicken coop. The ranch was so situated that anyone passing, and desirous of doing so, could take anything from me. Capt. Villavicencio and others promised that if I would provide horses they would return them. I gave some to Gregorio Pico, but my horses never came back.

I had a rather long conference with Don José Castro about his *padrino*, as he called Micheltorena. He said that since Mexican days, he owed many favors to the general and that he would do everything possible to avoid having any conflict with his forces—that they, the Californians, were going forward, and if he and the general should meet, he would salute him.

Alvarado and Castro wanted to acknowledge me as judge, but I would not accept that recognition, for they were rebels against the legitimate government.

Orders were given for the arrest of Covarrubias and Juan Camarillo. The former escaped by hiding under the tent of Señor Scott. In response to the pleas and tears of Camarillo's wife, I exerted all possible efforts to secure his release. Alvarado was furious because Covarrubias had escaped, but thanks to the assistance of others, he granted my request on the express condition that Camarillo should not meddle in the war, but would stay quietly in his house. If he did otherwise, he would be put in prison on Alvarado's return and feel the weight of Alvarado's ire.

The rebel forces went south to station part of their men at 122 the Rincon and the rest at San Buenaventura, where they expected to have a battle with the general's forces.

That same day, I left for my ranch at Santa Inés, because the forces of the government were approaching. On the following day, a man arrived who said he had left them at the crest of Los Alamos, and he gave me a letter from the general, in which I was summoned as judge. I went to see him. He was encamped in the ravine below the crest. He received me courteously and asked me if Santa Barbara was for the government or the revolution. I answered that the populace was peaceful, that no one there had sided with the rebels, though they had been well received by the people but without demonstration; neither had the forces of Castro done injury to the people. But, seeing that he was questioning me as judge, I told him I had no authority as it had not been given to me. He replied that he would put me in office at once, but I asked him not to do it, as I didn't know who would come out victorious. I said that I had always served the government in person and with contributions from my property, and that I would aid him in any way I could.

The general with his force came to Santa Inés. There he had an interview with Padre Jimeno about various matters. Afterward, I talked with the general alone. I reported what José Castro had told me, and he replied that he had not expected Castro to take part against him, because of his services to him in Mexico and the consideration he had shown him here. Furthermore, he had thought that in case of his retiring from California, he would recommend that Castro be placed in his position.

I repeated to him the words of Castro, of which I recall these: “I hope that the two sides will not exchange shots!”

The company of riflemen (foreigners) and the captain of the cavalry (a company of dragoons), proposed to the general at Santa Inés (this was very late in January of 1845) that they go by way of the Cañon de los Prietos in order to come on the 123 rear of the rebels, and that the rest of the force proceed down the *camino real*. A meeting of officers was held, and the general was much opposed to the plan, because it would mean bloodshed, and he wanted to avoid this at any cost. His words were that this was very unfortunate between brothers and people of the same race. The whole army marched together to Gaviota and I made available everything it ate along the route. The night was spent at Cañada Honda. Advance guards were sent out and sentinels posted, and the camp was kept in deep silence. Everything was in good order.

Many went there the next day to sell articles to the troops. Among those who went was Camarillo and I warned him to get payment at the time. On the following day, the army stopped at the Den ranch, Dos Pueblos, and on the third day arrived at Santa Barbara, the 2nd of February. I was already there.

At Santa Barbara the general promised me that all the orders for payment which had been given me would be met punctually. In view of this, I bought some of his creditors' accounts. I have never seen one cent of value for what I supplied, or paid to others for what they supplied. It was always my luck to be caught on one side or the other, or both, and never to be paid.

The general, appreciating the talents and experience of Padre José de Jesús Gonzales,* went to the mission to consult with him about the affairs of the country. He remained in the mission all the afternoon. When he came out, I noticed a great change in his demeanor. He did not want to meet with the forces of the rebels. He was satisfied that with the forces he had he could 124 defeat the others. But he said that this country needed population, civilization, and progress; that if fifty or one hundred of his men were killed, they were bachelors without families and no one would mourn for them; but that for fifty of his men killed, perhaps twice as many Californians would die who would

leave families, and he could never blot out this memory. He said that he would use every means and exhaust every resource to prevent the shedding of blood. He spoke of the beauty and the qualities of California and of what Mexico might lose. It was apparent that his ardor had cooled and that he did not have the least enthusiasm for the success of the campaign.

Well might the general appreciate the talents and experience of Padre González, a Mexican friar who came to California in 1833, where he served at Mission San Jose in 1833-42, as vice-prefect of the northern missions in 1838-43, and at Santa Barbara from 1843. From 1846 he was the bishop's vicar and on the bishop's death in 1846 he was the chief ecclesiastic in California until the coming of Bishop Alemany in 1850. He served as president of the Santa Barbara College of Franciscans in 1858-72. A convenient summary of this respected padre's career may be found in Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, 760.

Finally, he went south with his forces. As soon as they approached those of Alvarado and Castro, they retired. On the plain of San Fernando, the two forces met, and as Castro had hoped would happen, the bullets of one band and of the other did not cross. For Micheltorena it came out as he wished; blood was not shed. A treaty was concluded, and Micheltorena with his force marched to San Pedro to embark.* He could not pay me, but he recommended to those who remained with the government that they make payment from the custom funds. I gave up my money as lost, and it turned out just so.

The treaty signed on February 22, 1845, by Governor Micheltorena and leaders of the revolutionary forces marked the conclusion of the unhappy governorship. With Micheltorena's departure, political and military government in California devolved temporarily upon the Californians, Pío Pico and José Castro.

On the return of the rebels to Santa Barbara, they gave a dinner for Don José Castro at the home of Doña Juan Wilson, which I attended. Castro told me that certain accusations had been made against me, but that he gave them no credence. He drank to the successful outcome of events without bloodshed, as he had desired. I accompanied him as far as my ranch, and from there he went on to northern points.

In July of 1846, after the Americans had conquered California, I thought of leaving my ranch, for fear that troops of either 125 side might come to molest us. But I received a letter dated July 29 saying that Fremont had fallen back to Monterey, that Commodore Sloat had transferred command

to Commodore Stockton, who had arrived on the frigate *Congress*, and that there was no danger in remaining at the ranch.*

Commodore John D. Sloat, commander of the United States fleet in the Pacific, arrived in Monterey Bay on July 2, 1846. On July 7 he took possession of Monterey and raised the American flag. On July 9 the United States flag was raised at San Francisco and at Sonoma. On July 15 Sloat resigned his command to Robert F. Stockton, who had just arrived. The “bears,” most of Fremont's men, and some others were enlisted as volunteers in the United States army with Fremont as major and Gillespie as captain. The United States forces went at once to the south where the conquest was begun. On August 13 Los Angeles was entered, and on August 17 it was stated in a proclamation that the flag of the United States was flying from every commanding position in the territory and that California was entirely free from Mexican dominion.

Closing my business, I went to Los Angeles with my wife and my in-laws, in order that they might become acquainted in that community.

On my arrival, or a little later, I saw a company of Mormons (as they were called by people in Los Angeles) building a sort of fort on the hill in front of the house of Abel Stearns. The post was under the rule of the United States, whose flag was flown there. The Mormons were said to be peaceful and good.

We remained for a matter of a month, or perhaps less, in Los Angeles, and everything was perfectly tranquil. My family and I went up to the fort; we went over every part, and no one bothered us, nor did we see others molested.

Finally we returned to our ranch at Santa Inés, passing through Santa Barbara, without any unusual occurrence.

XI

The American Conquest: Fremont's March to Santa Barbara and Cabuenga

EVERYTHING WAS peaceful in the south until the outbreak of the revolution in Los Angeles, the 24th of September, 1846, with Sérvula Varelas* and others as leaders, and until Don José Flores* was called to the command. He was one of the officers who had come with Gen. Micheltorena

and who had remained after the departure of the general to marry a local girl (a daughter of Col. Zamorano). From October 1st Flores was the *comandante general*.

Little is known of Sérvula Varelas' history beyond the fact that he was a rough character of Los Angeles in 1838-39, that he engaged in revolts there with his brother Hilario in 1845-46, and that he took part in the last campaigns against the United States in Los Angeles and vicinity. See Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, V, 307-308.
In 1842 José María Flores came to California with Micheltorena as his secretary. After Micheltorena's departure, Flores was the commissioner sent by Castro to treat with Stockton in August 1846 when, after surrender had been made to the United States, the Californians revolted. In September Flores broke his parole and served as *comandante general* of the revolting Californians until they were overcome. He retreated to Sonora and later joined the Mexican army. In Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, 309ff, may be found the details of the campaign under Flores' command.

Instructions came, and at almost the same date news came that the California forces had gained a victory over the Americans at the Rancho de los Gutiérrez (Domínguez) inflicting twelve deaths and wounding many, and forcing the Americans to retreat to their ships. A few days before, Capt. Gillespie, who 127 was in command at Los Angeles, had been obliged to retreat.

The same thing happened here at Santa Barbara; the little American garrison evacuated* and crossed the mountains behind the mission to go down the Los Prietos Cañon. The cavalry went in pursuit, but could not catch them. I presume they crossed the next range and descended to the *tular*, and from there went on to Monterey.

The American garrison of nine men in command of Lieut. Theodore Talbot evacuated on the approach of Manuel Garfias and a small force which had been dispatched from Los Angeles.

I received an order from the *comandante* at Santa Barbara, Gumersindo Flores, appointing me not only justice of the peace of Santa Inés as I already was, but military commandant of the whole line to San Luis Obispo.* Though my responsibilities were many, I accepted, for besides the war against the Americans, we were threatened by Indian uprisings. They had driven off my horses and those of others, and in case these places were left without protection, all the families would be exposed to great risk.

In a letter of October 9, 1846, Janssens is directed to be in continuous communication with the military commander at Santa Barbara with regard to all the region as far north as San Luis Obispo; and in another letter under date of October 12 Gumersindo Flores gives Janssens further specific directions. These letters are in Janssens' “Documentos.”

Besides the native ranchers, many foreigners urged me to accept the post. I did so. I then wrote to the *comandante general* Flores that I would make no objection if the men able to bear arms went from Santa Barbara, or even some from Santa Inés, to reinforce his army, but that it seemed to me exceedingly risky to leave all the ranches without men to defend them. The Indians might come to steal, burn, and commit such other deviltries as might occur to them. I advised him also that I had ordered the families without protection at their ranches to come in to Santa Inés. On October 17, I received an order to bring all personal 128 property in from the coast. In another order of the 20th, the *comandante* at Santa Barbara told me that communications were cut, that Fremont was at Monterey, and that his men were deserting for lack of pay.

Flores ordered me not to move from my post, saying that he could not lend me help, but I must procure it myself to protect the families and the ranches whose owners, or at least most of them, were at Los Angeles serving in the ranks. I sent around to the ranches a circular seeking supplies and secured them without difficulty.* Some volunteers were also obtained.

The circular referred to under date of October 25, 1846, may be found in Janssens' “Documentos.”

On the 30th of October, I received an order to go to San Luis Obispo and survey the situation. There I saw Comandante José de Jesús Pico,* who assured me that he had everything in order. I made my inspection and returned to Santa Inés. On January 19, 1847, I received a letter from Monterey saying that the war was ended and that peace had been established.*

In 1844-45 Pico took part in the movement against Micheltorena, and in 1846, after surrendering to the United States as captain of the *defensores* and *juez de paz* at San Luis Obispo, he was paroled with other officers. After having broken his parole, he was arrested by Fremont on his way south and condemned to death. At the intercession of his wife and children and some of Fremont's men who were his friends, Pico was pardoned. He at once became a devoted friend of Fremont and accompanied him on his march southward, aiding him in bringing about the Treaty of Cahuenga. His recollections, under the title “Acontecimientos,” were dictated for Bancroft's use in 1878.

The news Janssens refers to was the signing of the Cahuenga Capitulation, on January 13, 1847, which ended the second phase of the American conquest.

I failed to mention the descent of Col. Fremont. A few days before his coming to Santa Inés, I had to go on a mission to San Luis Obispo by superior order. I took with me José Olivera, who had been

with me as a guard. We arrived at San Luis, and on crossing the stream I met a son of Linares. He told me there were some men at the mission of San Luis Obispo who had captured an American named William, a sawyer. He said that 129 they had taken him with the intention of executing him, that these men were somewhat intoxicated, and that Comandante José de Jesús Pico was out in the ravine. We went at a gallop to the spot and arrived in time to avert, perhaps, a disgrace. After haranguing these people and making them realize the illegality and injustice of their conduct, I proceeded to release the prisoner and took him to the quarters of the padre. Later, I explained to the fools that William came from the Santa Inés Mountains and had a passport. I also showed them that such an offense as they had tried to commit would have had fatal results for the Californian and Mexican prisoners in Monterey and Los Angeles, and that it was necessary to observe great moderation toward the Americans, or they would make us pay dearly for any offense committed against them. I gave William a letter to the *comandante*. I invited the soldiers to have a drink and went to pass the night in the home of Don Mariano Bonilla,* in the ravine that runs toward Santa Margarita.

Bonilla, a Mexican lawyer and teacher, came to California in 1834 with the Híjar and Padrés colony. He became a teacher at Santa Barbara in 1835, and sometime later located in the San Luis Obispo region, where he was a grantee of a rancho and held offices. He was judge and *alcalde* of San Luis Obispo in 1846-48. At a later time he served as county judge, district attorney, and supervisor.

Bonilla was an educated man and had been secretary of the tribunal of justice of California. We had come together as colonists in the brigantine *Natalia*. I appointed his brother Vicente first sergeant of the rear guard company for security against the depredations of the Indians, who seemed to be guided by others than themselves.

On November 5, 1846, the *comandante general* issued an order to sound the alarm—that is, to make all Mexican citizens take up arms. Immediately I received an order directing me to take in charge all Americans who were in Santa Barbara and in my jurisdiction; namely, Thomas Robbins, A. B. Thompson, Daniel 130 Hill, Robert Elwell,* etc. This order arrived on the 6th of November. On the 8th came another from the captain of volunteers. On the 19th of November the *comandante*

general expressed to me his thanks for services rendered. During those days, I received several official communications; one authorized me to pursue the Indian robbers.

Thomas Robbins, a native of Massachusetts whose name appears in commercial records of the time, and a grantee of La Calera Rancho and Santa Catalina Island in 1846, and Robert Elwell, also of Massachusetts, whose commercial activities were fairly extensive, were not important figures. Daniel Hill was important, however, as was also A. B. Thompson, who after 1834 considered Santa Barbara his home and there engaged in business for many years. He had many business connections and an honorable business career. In addition to the many references to him in Bancroft's volumes, interesting items about him may be found in Streeter, “Recollections,” pp. 162, 164; Nidever, *Life and Adventures*, pp. 36, 45, 46, 59, 60, 61. The Thompson papers in possession of the Santa Barbara Historical Society have importance. Certain of these papers have been edited by D. Mackenzie Brown, *China Trade Days in California* (Berkeley, 1947).

On December 7, 1846, the *comandante general* told me he could not send me even one man to hold back the enemy from above. He promised to give me lances and other things that he could procure. He said that on the night of the 3rd, Don Francisco Rico and others had started a revolt. They had taken him prisoner, and he continued as such until the 5th, when the same forces whom Rico had deceived set him free and arrested Rico and his accomplices.

In another letter of the same date (December 7),* I was told that the forces of Squadron Commander Andrés Pico had won a victory over the Americans the day before on the field of San Pasqual, inflicting losses of thirty dead and capturing one piece of artillery. We suffered only eleven wounded, without a single major injury. This not unexpected news I was directed to publish with great solemnity.

This letter and the previous one mentioned of the same date are in Janssens' “Documentos.”

I should return to when I was with Bonilla in his home. As I had great confidence in him, I asked him how things were in San 131 Luis. He told me there was nothing definite; that if the enemy came, he “would enter as Peter into his house.” I asked him if they had seen any advance guards, and he said no; that an Indian had been captured that day who said that Fremont was on the march. On the following day I left early and went to see Víctor Linares and others, to whom I advised moderation in every way, and suggested that they regard the captured as prisoners of war, giving them good treatment, so that the enemy would do the same toward us.

Señor Pico wanted me to remain in San Luis for a dance. I did not accept, because it didn't seem a proper time for dances. I started out on a beautiful moonlit night, leaving in charge everywhere reliable people, who were to advise me of what they saw worthy of mention. In due time, I arrived at Santa Inés. I found everything in good order and the families assembled. About 11 a.m. on the day of my arrival, there came a messenger from San Luis, one Linares, with the news that the forces of Fremont, coming from Monterey, had fallen upon San Luis Obispo on the night of the same day on which I had left there. All the people were at the dance. The hall was surrounded, and as soon as they started to leave, the men were captured. Linares escaped through a window. This news I verified from other sources, with the additional information that they were going to shoot José de Jesús Pico. I sent scouts in every direction and left the families (including my own) under the immediate protection of Padre José Joaquín Jimeno. I broke camp and went to my ranch at the foot of the Santa Inés ridge to await developments and to be in a position to withdraw below. A scout came in and reported that Fremont was approaching and was coming in the direction of Santa Inés. Another came with the report that the *comandante* of San Luis Obispo, José de Jesús Pico, was coming with the Fremont forces, and that fifty Walla Walla Indians (as the people called them) were leaving the place called Saca, led 132 by a brother-in-law of the Oliveras named Romero, who was hired to show them the mountain trail; they were coming to cut off my retreat to San Marcos. I ordered the rounding up of all the broken horses in the region (the College Ranch had about one hundred) and ordered that all who could not go to San Marcos were to take to La Cañada de Quichumo. I sent a report to Santa Barbara by a reliable messenger. José María Covarrubias* came to my ranch, as his family was at Santa Inés. I had received orders not to let him pass, but he begged me to let him go to see his family and promised that he would return. I sent two men with him.

It would be difficult to find another person of the Híjar and Padrés colony company of 1834 who attained equal importance in California with Covarrubias, a French citizen of Mexico who came with the colony to be a teacher in California. After 1835 he held many offices of trust. In the later Mexican period he was secretary of the assembly and *alcalde* of Santa Barbara in 1844; he succeeded Bandini as secretary to Governor Pico; and was sent as *comisionado* to Mexico in 1846.

In 1845 he was lessee of Santa Inés and in the next year with Carrillo purchased it for $7,000; but their title by purchase was finally declared invalid.

After the United States took over, Covarrubias served efficiently as a member of the constitutional convention of 1849; was elected a member of the first legislature and was re-elected to that body four times; and in 1861 became the county judge for Santa Barbara County. He died in 1870.

While Covarrubias and the others were at the Santa Inés Mission, the forces of Fremont arrived at the álamo Pintado. Pico and some others had gone ahead, and were at the mission. Pico talked with Covarrubias and those who had gone with him. Covarrubias went to Fremont's camp. Later he returned and tried to induce the others to go back with him, assuring them that Fremont was very kind and giving them other assurances. But they, true to their duty, did not go. These men, Sergt. Baltasar Ruiz and Antonia María Villa, came on the gallop to tell me what had happened. I aroused my camp, and sent word to Santa Barbara that Fremont was in Santa Inés. Villa carried the message and was able to get through.

I went up into the mountains with great difficulty because I 133 had only fifteen men to handle many horses. I was pursued by the fifty so-called Walla Wallas. However, my men knew the mountains, and in three days we were at the crest of the ridge. It never ceased raining. On the second day in the mountains, I met ten ranchers who had deserted the forces of Flores at Los Angeles. They joined me, and I then had twenty-five men, besides some Indians to help us drive the horses.

The messengers I sent to Santa Barbara did not return. All the forces there had retired to the south. It was rumored that Fremont had burned my ranch and that I had been surrounded and captured.

Fremont crossed the San Marcos Pass with all his men and artillery. In the descent, numerous horses were killed. Many calculated that five hundred horses died between Santa Inés and the other side of the San Marcos grade. All of the wagons and other vehicles had to be taken apart and let down in pieces.* I do not know why Pico and Covarrubias did not suggest the road through

Gaviota. If they did, perhaps he distrusted their advice. At the pass, fifty disciplined men, as skirmishers, could have taken the cannon.

Edwin Bryant, who, while he was on a long tour in 1846, joined the forces under Fremont and journeyed south with his battalion, deals picturesquely with the events referred to here by Janssens. He describes the march, the descent of the mountains in a furious storm, and the terrible losses in horses and equipment. He mentions the visit to Fremont's camp at the foot of the mountain by “Mr. Sparks, Dr. Den, an Irishman, and Mr. Burton, another American,” residents of Santa Barbara who had been permitted to remain; and tells of the march to Santa Barbara, under orders by Fremont that the property and persons of Californians not found in arms should be sacredly respected. “The battalion remained encamped at Santa Barbara from the 27th of December to the 3rd of January, 1847. The United States flag was raised in the public square of the town the day after our arrival.” See Edwin Bryant, *What I Saw in California* (N.Y., 1849), pp. 378-84.

Now that Fremont had gone, I returned to each ranch its own horses and went on to the Santa Inés Mission.

Fremont's troops had done no damage at my ranch, or at Santa Inés. On the contrary, they had respected the families and the 134 private property. It was always thus when he was at the head of the troops.*

A sidelight on the attitude of Fremont which would indicate that he was not quite as friendly as Janssens states is given by William A. Streeter, who with Burton and Sparks rode out to the foot of the mountain on the Santa Barbara side of San Marcos Pass to meet the general. Streeter says that Fremont came forward and shook hands with him and told him that it was his intention to enter Santa Barbara with fire and sword, and that with the exception of two or three houses he did not propose to leave a single building standing in town. When told that that would be rather unjust, Fremont said: “But they are all out in arms against me....” Streeter says that he assured Fremont that the residents were out in arms against him because they were forced to go, and that if he would spare the town word would be sent to those who were away to return. Fremont said he would wait a few days before destruction. Numbers were brought in and taken to Fremont's camp, where they signed their parole. See Streeter, “Recollections,” p. 164.

By means of Indian runners, I established communication with Los Angeles by way of the Najalayegua Cañon (from which one could go to Santa Barbara or beyond to San Buenaventura).

I learned that Don José Carrillo, with a company of guerrillas, absorbed the attention of Fremont all the way, but he didn't stop until he reached San Fernando.

Soon I received a letter from Los Angeles informing me of the treaty of peace, and I disbanded my force, and we all went back to work without delay.

In January of 1848 I was appointed judge of Santa Inés. It did me no good to decline because I was appointed again.

On his return from Los Angeles, Fremont came by land and slept with his staff at Rancho Cañada del Corral. The next day, early in the morning, a special messenger arrived, reporting that Fremont and some officers were coming to lunch at my ranch. I told my wife that she must prepare lunch and good coffee.

Indeed, Fremont and his retinue did come, and after an exchange of greetings, they said they had come for lunch. I told them that lunch was being prepared. Fremont asked me to go for a walk, and in the course of our conversation, he told me that he was a friend, that the war was over, and that he respected 135 highly the Mexican citizens who had been true to their word. He was very affable.

After lunch we talked of many things including the events and incidents of his march from Monterey.

He spoke to me about what had happened at the Rancho Ojitos and at another ranch near San Antonio—the excesses committed there were done by base people, and he could not prevent it, for they were undisciplined troops. Before leaving, he gave me a document directing any troops which might come by to respect my property. We agreed that the dispatch riders should stop at my house. Indeed, with me he was very much a *caballero*.

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XII

Later Years: California, 1848-1856

GOVERNOR MASON,* on his way to Monterey, spent the night at my ranch. An adjutant who spoke French perfectly came with him. We talked amiably, and I suggested the convenience of opening a road over the grade called Arrastradero.

Richard B. Mason, colonel of the first United States Dragoons, arrived in California in February of 1847. On May 31, he succeeded Kearny as military governor of California, holding that office until February of 1849. It would appear that he, like Fremont, considered Janssens a man of importance, and that in the interests of the United States his friendship was worth cultivating.

Of the not less than fifty horses which Alvarado and Castro took from me for the campaigns only two were to be found at Los Angeles. The rest had been taken to Sonora or had died, but no one paid me for them. Fremont took some horses of mine which were in the possession of Mariano Pacheco. He wished to pay well for one, but Pacheco did not want to sell; Fremont took it *nolens volens,* and nothing was seen of this horse after that.

In September of 1848 I went to the placer mines up the Estanislas. I took with me my brother-in-law Gregorio Pico, and three Indians. Each took three saddle horses, besides which we had six pack mules with provisions, cooking utensils, and other implements.

On the way we met many acquaintances from Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. These parties joined me, as they were also going to the mines.

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On the other side of a small hill were several people taking out gold. Among them were Don Rafael Valdés* and his sons. I stopped to watch them and saw that they excavated a little and then commenced to collect gold, without removing any earth. They washed scarcely one cradle full. I came up to them and saw that their buckskin bags contained nothing but gold—nuggets of all sizes. This excited me and, following their example, I started to work with my three Indians. But my luck was not like that of the Valdeses, for it consisted of merely once in a while finding a tiny piece. The rest was in the earth which must be washed away. It seemed that the big deposit of gold was in the tunnel which they were digging between two rocks. The Valdeses from time to time gave a poke with a bar to shake the rock a little and filled their bags with the pieces they recovered.

This successful gold miner had been a soldier at Santa Barbara previous to Janssens' settlement there.

I stayed at the placer mines about two months. During that time incidents occurred which put our lives in danger. Men came who were unscrupulous and took away from the peaceful Sonorans and from others the results of their labors. Together with Antonio F. Coronel, Dolores Sepúlveda of Los

Angeles, and others, we ran many risks and we had some fights. But everything ended peacefully. As a result of so much work and such danger in our labors, I got little gold, because the Indians stole from me the few flakes that I found. I went to a dry mine where I met Don Juan Forster,* Don Hugo Reid,* and others. There I was 138 promised better results, because those men were leaving and they gave me their equipment. But my bad luck didn't leave me, for word came from the ranch where I had left my horses that Gregorio Pico was very ill. This latest bad fortune caused me to start on foot with Tomás Herrera and others for that place. We walked fourteen leagues, and it turned out that though Pico was indeed ill, he was not in danger of dying.

A native of England, Forster came to California in 1833. In 1836 he announced his purpose to remain permanently. His marriage to Isidora, a sister of Pío Pico, in 1837, was of significance for the future, as was also his purchase in 1844 of the ex-mission estate at San Juan Capistrano and his service as *juez de paz* there in 1845-47. At the time of the United States conquest he had trouble with Fremont, aided in the escape of Pío Pico, but gave Stockton assistance in the campaign of 1847. He failed to get wealth from the mines. Although a genial and hospitable person at his rancho, he did not attain prominence in the American period. He made a contribution to history by giving Bancroft his “Pioneer Data.”
Arriving in California in 1834, after having been six years in Mexico, Hugh Perfecto Reid settled at Los Angeles where he engaged in trade. He settled for a time on the Santa Anita Rancho, granted to him between 1841 and 1845; and sold by him in 1847; although interested in land matters in San Francisco, Los Angeles continued to be the center of his activities, and he was a delegate to the constitutional convention from the southern city. He was much interested in Indian manners and customs. A series of papers written on them by him was published in the Los Angeles *Star*. On this last item, see Bancroft, *Native Races* (San Francisco, 1884), I, 180.

By now it was very cold and icy, and we all decided to leave there for the south. We were advised not to take the *camino real* because it was infested with a gang of thugs. On the next day we prepared to go, following the advice which Dale gave us. Descending a sandy bank near a large willow thicket, we saw trees growing like arches. Under these, one of our men saw forms and smoke. He pointed them out to us without saying a word. We all froze in our tracks, because we knew that those men in the brush would do us no good.

There were several opinions as to what we should do. One wanted to change our route, but I told them that if we had seen the other people, they must have seen us, and if they were evil they would come to kill us anyway. We saw below us a beautiful live-oak tree, and I told my companions to go to it with the mules. With my brother-in-law I went toward the suspicious men; our companions left fearfully. I myself went down with some fearfulness, but I couldn't let this be seen. When we came

to the other people, I hailed them, and they answered in English. They were all gathered around a large pot hanging from three poles, which formed a triangle and held it over the fire. All were 139 seated, each with a rifle by his side, a pistol in his belt, and a knife, and they wore red shirts. I could hardly make them understand me. Two of them spoke in a fashion which convinced me that if they were not French, they must at least be Canadians. I spoke to them in French, and they replied that they were not French but were from Canada.

These two men were of great assistance to me, because through them I could be understood by the others. I saw that there were also Germans among the group. There was one little old fellow—a genuine American—who, for some reason I did not understand, never took his eyes off me. The one who appeared to be the leader told the Canadians to tell me to invite my companions to come and have stewed goose and tea with them. I replied that some of our party were Indians, but that I would tell the others. This I did, but I couldn't persuade Herrera and Castro to come. They feared that the band wanted to get us all together so they could do as they wished with us. My brother-in-law and I returned on foot to their camp, and I made excuses for my companions. We seated ourselves in a circle of very well-armed men. We had left behind all of our weapons but our pistols, which would do us no good among so many. The old man continued to stare at me. Finally, he asked me, through one of the Canadians, where I came from. I answered that I was from a ranch at Santa Inés, near the river. At that he got up and embraced me and shook my hand. After a moment of silence, as if he were greatly affected, he turned to his companions and explained his actions, and the Canadians translated for me.

He said he had come to California in a wagon train. He had been taken seriously ill and was left on the other side of the ridge, or crest, of the Santa Inés Mountains (which divided my ranch), with a small mule to overtake the caravan. He crossed the ridge and came to a ranch near the river. He had become very weak, and that night he was given a room, bed, and whatever he needed, 140 including the food necessary to renew his strength. By then, it was impossible for him to overtake the first caravan, but others were coming along, and in about two weeks he was in condition to continue his trip. He offered in payment to the family who cared for him so kindly and so well everything he had with him, which was little. But the owner of the ranch would not accept it, saying they would care

for him further if need be. He concluded by saying that my family and I had been his benefactors on this occasion, and in telling it the little old fellow wept. On hearing his story, those men showed great appreciation toward me, for the old fellow seemed to be well liked among them.

After the meal, my brother-in-law and I remained a little longer and then withdrew to our camp, where our companions were wide awake and afraid to lie down. We told them the good fortune we had experienced and that they could relax without fear.

The day before we left, we went to take leave of the other band, and they showed us a much shorter route, muddy, to be sure, but free of danger.

We arrived at Stockton and went to buy provisions. We were asked where we had come from, and how we had managed to get through the *tular*. The proprietor of the store informed me that a band of robbers infested the place and said that surely it was the band that we had met, and with such good luck.

The next day we left for San Joaquin. At the approaches was a hut made of brush, and as we passed by we noticed that the door was fastened with straps. One of our party, who saw ashes, thought to light his cigar if there were any coals. His curiosity led him to look inside the hut, and he saw two corpses with the heads separated from the torsos. We went away from there with all speed. We could not cross the river by boat, as a few days before some villains had crossed in it and had cast the boat loose to the mercy of the current. Fortunately, the water was low, 141 and we crossed on horseback. We met some arrivals from San Jose and told them about the hut.

We came to the Mission San Jose, then in the charge of a Frenchman named Clement Panard. I sold some horses for upwards of $100. Unfortunately, I extended credit to some of the purchasers, and they never paid me.

I did not want to delay, because I had received alarming news from my ranch. On arrival at Monterey, in spite of my efforts to go on, my friends would not allow it. Among them was Don José Castro. They all extended invitations to dance, etc., and as a result I was detained for eight

days. In one way, the delay was to my advantage, because the horses were rested for the long trip I had to take.

We continued our travel to Salinas, Soledad, and San Antonio. After dining with the padre at San Antonio, we went on to Ojitos, the ranch of Don Mariano Soberanes.* Other travellers were there, mostly from Sonora, who left early the next day. We were packed and saddled, ready to leave for San Miguel, when we saw the Sonorans coming at full gallop; the bundles which they had carried on a pack mule, they now held before them on the saddle. We asked them what had happened, and they told us that at the entrance to the cañon, they saw a large band of armed Indians, who occupied the whole road; and, seeing that the Indians were waiting to attack, they realized that the only thing to do was to run for it, and in order that the mule might travel better, they themselves had taken part of its load.

In 1842 Soberanes was grantee of Ojitos Rancho, and in 1845 he was judge at San Miguel. In 1846 he was arrested with his sons by soldiers of Fremont and his property at Ojitos destroyed. On his claim for $19,930, Soberanes was paid but $423.

We went on our way by a devious route which Soberanes had shown us. The Sonorans went with us. We travelled little that 142 day, and at the first water, we halted and passed the night of San Miguel's fatal day. The next day we came to the Rancho los Osos, belonging to Don Juan Wilson.

Upon our arrival, a man came with the horrible news of the murder of Pilot Reed* and the members of his household at San Miguel Mission.

This was William Reed, an English sailor and lumberman, who had been at times pilot and mate of the *California* in 1837-39. Before 1846 he married a native and settled near San Miguel, where with Petronilo Ríos he secured a grant of the mission rancho. He had just returned from the mines to his home when the massacre described by Janssens occurred. For more detail on this event, see Streeter, “Recollections,” pp. 265-66.

According to the recital of the facts, the murderers arrived at San Miguel and went to a sort of shop kept by Reed, to buy various articles. On their offering to pay, Pilot Reed said: “Keep your money, because you may need it later on,” and he accepted nothing. They went back to their camp nearby in the willows, where there were two other accomplices. As soon as night fell, they vacated the camp and went to the mission. There, sitting by the fireplace, was the proprietor with others of the household, including the lady who had come to deliver Reed's wife. When the murderers entered,

they gave way to no one and attacked everyone with axes. The first to fall was Reed and after him the women. One who had come from Rancho Atascadero to bring the midwife witnessed part of it and managed to escape through a window. They smashed the head of a Negro who was in the kitchen pantry, and killed a woman servant in her bed.

Those who were near the camp of the villains saw part of the attack and hid in the brush.

This horrible news greatly alarmed me and caused me to leave as fast as possible for my ranch, which was on the *camino real*. It could easily happen that those inhuman fiends were going that way. I arrived without incident. I called together such men as I could and issued them arms. Without loss of time, I notified Don Cesário Lataillade of the occurrence at San Miguel. He 143 replied, sending me some powder and saying that he was already making preparations to go in pursuit of the murderers. The latter had gone to the place called Ortega ranch, where in some woman's house they stayed at night, apparently with evil designs. There they could not be seen from Santa Barbara. The next day while passing the point on the Ortega ranch at the second *barranca*, they were surrounded by the Barbareños under Lataillade. And misfortune would have befallen no one if Lataillade's advice had been followed. The villains would have been taken at will, for it would have been an easy matter to kill them with long-range weapons. But one Ramón Rodriguez, known as “the deer,” charged on one of the murderers on horseback and knocked him down, and he, though fallen and wounded, shot and instantly killed Rodriguez. Then volleys were poured in from every side. One of the assassins, with many wounds, threw himself over the sea cliff; later he was brought up dead. The three others were captured. All had belts filled with gold. They were taken to Santa Barbara, convicted by a jury, and executed by shooting.*

The murderers of the Reed family engaged in a series of crimes commencing at Sutter's sawmill at Coloma and ending with their apprehension in Santa Barbara. Jacob Wright Harlan, in *California '46 to '88* (Oakland, 1896), pp. 134-36, reports that on October 23, 1848, one of the villains killed one Von Pfister in front of Harlan's store. The culprit was seized by the miners, but escaped and fled south with several accomplices, stopping at San Miguel Mission, where they committed the Reed murders. The victims included 13 men, women, and children.

At this time, many people were going to the placers. There were days when, from the ravine on my ranch to the Santa Inés Mission, there would be five hundred travellers, among whom would be

Sonorans, Yaquis, and foreigners of all nationalities. Seeing so many people, I resolved to build a big house, and for this purpose I hired Yaquis by the week. I put them to work making adobe bricks, etc.

On the 18th of March, 1849, I was appointed judge of the 144 Santa Inés township. I continued to reside there until I sold my ranch in 1854 or 1855.

A. Janssens

Santa Barbara

March 26, 1878

[At this point, Janssens signed and dated his dictation to Thomas Savage, but he subsequently resumed his narrative, as follows.]

On the 12th of April, 1849, I received a letter from Don Pablo de la Guerra,* giving me the sad news that my companion, friend and benefactor, Cesário Lataillade, had been killed by a shotgun that had belonged to the murderers of the Reed family. He wished to draw out the barrel, and being unable to do so, he put the barrel in a forge. An Indian held the shotgun, and Lataillade worked the bellows. Then he gave the Indian the bellows and took the shotgun. As he grasped it, it went off, and the charge entered his abdomen near the thigh. He was immediately put to bed.

Pablo de la Guerra, who was born in 1819 and died in 1874, was by far the most prominent of the sons of José de la Guerra y Noriega. In 1838 he began his official life as *vista* at Monterey. For several years from 1842 he was acting administrator of the Monterey customhouse. Don Pablo was said to have been in favor of an English protectorate for California. When the United States flag was raised at Monterey, he went south and a little later served as Castro's commissioner to Stockton. When Castro left California, he returned to Monterey where he was arrested in November 1846 and kept a prisoner until February 1847. Soon after his release he went to Santa Barbara and became *alcalde*.

After the acquisition of California by the United States, Don Pablo became prominent politically. He was a member of the constitutional convention, a state senator for several terms, acting lieutenant-governor, United States marshal, and a judge. See Mason, *Hist. of Santa Barbara Co.*, p. 45; Storke, *History of Santa Barbara County*, p. 33; Streeter, "Recollections," pp. 69-70; Bancroft, *Hist. of Calif.*, III, 769-70; and the "Diary" of "Judge" Charles E. Huse, 1852 to 1857, MS in possession of Santa Barbara Historical Society.

At that time he and I were interested in an expedition in which he was going to send a drove of cattle to the placer mines, where they could be sold at from $60 to $100 a head. The news of his accident alarmed me, and I was ready the next day to 145 mount a horse and go to Santa Barbara, when I received a letter announcing that Lataillade had died. From the time I first met Cesário Lataillade, and had business with him, I never saw him ill humored. He always conducted himself as a gentleman and a true friend. His death was a great blow to me, both because of our friendship and also because he had guaranteed my credit in Mexico and elsewhere. Shortly before his death, Lataillade had received his commission as a colonel of France.

On the 11th of June, 1849, an Indian of mine, named Agapito, ran away to the *tular*, where the rebel Indians were gathered. I had begun the work of erecting the big house under the supervision of Francisco Gutiérrez and with the aid of ten Yaquis.

One night the broken horses, which I kept near the house, ran off. From the flight of Agapito and from the trail signs we noticed, it was apparent that there were Indians lurking, so that they could drive off the animals and then round them up; there were more horses in the pasture.

Another night, I noticed that the dogs were very uneasy, and I heard a noise which seemed to come from the new foundations, which were adobe bricks laid in trenches. Near the foundations was tethered the guard's horse, used in rounding up the other horses. On hearing the noise, I went out with my shotgun, but I saw nothing unusual, except that the horse seemed panicky.

A little later, I heard a noise for the second time. I went out but found nothing. I didn't call the servants, because they were sleeping. I went to bed, and immediately the dogs began to bark and the horse to whinny. My family wouldn't allow me to go out. Soon everything was quiet. At daybreak, I went out, and saw some arrows which had been shot and the tracks of bare-foot Indians. I went to look for the horse, but they had taken it. I suspected they had also taken the herd of horses which had been rounded up. There was at my house a sergeant of the American forces and his companion, who had herded their horses together 146 with mine. All of these horses had been taken. When I learned all this, I returned to the house and started to have coffee. This amazed the Americans; my philosophy surprised them for they were furious at having lost their animals. I told them that this was not a new experience, that I had lost many horses, taken from me by Indians and by the revolutionists as well. The men stayed at the ranch until they could catch two mares. I commenced to buy horses again.

On January 23, 1850, at Santa Inés, my fifth child was born. In this year a group of men had arranged another trip to the placers. The plan was for us to meet at San Luis Obispo. But the work of building the house and the continuous arrival of travellers (among whom were some travelling from the north, who were very suspect) obliged me to decline to accompany them. The leaders were the Pachecos and Don Guillermo Garner* (known as *Patas Largas*). Those who left from this place numbered not less than twenty. The departure was by way of Estrella, to go directly to the *tular*, and to enter above the mouth of the Merced River, in which they were advised there was an abundance of gold. This route was the least mountainous. I later heard that Don Guillermo, Bartolo Olivera and some others were killed by Indians. Ex-Governor Romualdo Pacheco, Don Mariano Bonilla, and others from San Luis Obispo can tell about the killings. When they went flying down the mountain, they had the luck to meet Col. Fremont, who was travelling with a party, and he saved the remainder of the travellers. Fortunately, I escaped being mixed up in this tribulation.

Between 1844 and 1848, William Garner continued in the lumber business in which he had engaged intermittently from 1833, joined in the campaign against Micheltorena, kept a boarding house at Monterey, and served in a variety of occupations. After making several trips to the mines, he moved to San Luis Obispo. It was from here in 1849 that he made the expedition against the Indians in which he and six of his men were killed.

On June 3, 1851, occurred what I am now going to relate. 147 A few days before, tracks of Indians had been seen at Talamar. Later they were seen also in the Santa Inés Valley. Some said they were bad Indians; others thought that they were those from the *ranchería*. The horses which I had recently bought and those which I kept with them were confined in the new corral.

In the new house, there was only one room upstairs in which one could sleep. In the main room, planks had been placed, but only to dry, and were not nailed; the doors weren't finished either but were only put up at night. On a bench was the rack of guns.

As there was an epidemic of cholera at this time, I decided to divide the family. I sent all of my immediate family, my brothers and sister-in-law, and a Mexican women named María to the big house at night to sleep. My parents-in-law and others went to the old house. As it was June, there was no discomfort from the cold.

The night of the 3rd of June was the first to be spent in the new house. Those who were to go there to sleep dined in the little house, and afterwards they went up the stairs. I was still in the other house with an American cattle buyer and an Italian, who had just arrived. For this reason, I ordered Vicente Quijada and one Jesús to move over to the big house.

A little after eight, one of my Indian servants named Mateo and another named Francisco came to ask for two reales of bread for each and a dollar in silver. They really came to see how we were distributed; perhaps they thought we were all in the little house. As soon as they left I went to the other house, and on going, I told Quijada to put out the light which they had been using and to come with Juan, the Yaqui. The Yaqui came soon.

Passing the old house, I heard a shout near the river by the wall in front of the house. I saw Quijada start running, and he leaped inside the house. When I came in, I saw that Quijada had an arrow stuck in his arm. I did not have time for more than to 148 pull out the arrow and to give him a pistol, so that he could resist, while the Yaqui put up the door and barred it.

I went up to the new house by leaps and bounds, and in leaving, I told the American and the Italian that they should come up too. They thought I was joking, but when the Indians struck the door and they saw it fall down, they delayed no more.

The Yaqui placed a lighted candle back of a carpenter's bench, and as he leaped on it, he was wounded. The candle which the Yaqui placed was to permit us to see the attackers if they got inside. The Indians shot at the candle from the door to put it out, but the bench served as a parapet.

Above, the windows had only frames, and this was why the arrows could enter from all sides. In the room occupied by my family, the windows were covered only by blankets.

I had taken the precaution of extinguishing the lights above. The shooting of arrows was general. I had to put the women and children under the beds and protect them with mattresses, for, indeed, the arrows were coming in from every side.

My wife's family had told me that she was not well, and in fact she was expecting delivery of a child. I told them they would have to care for her, because I could not leave my post. Quijada was now too weak to shoot. The Italian was shooting out of another window. Juan, the Yaqui, loaded the guns and handed them to us.

I saw that the Indians were massed on one flank, and that the American, although he had a good rifle, loaded his weapon but didn't fire it. I went to him and asked why he wasn't firing it. He answered that he was firing, but an examination of his rifle disclosed that it was loaded up to the muzzle. This frightened him, and I gave him another weapon. He yelled at the Indians not to take his mules. The Indians in reply asked what need he would have for them, that they were going to leave him there.

What I feared most was that they might enter the other house and kill the defenseless ones there.

In a large shed, there were many cheeses. The Indians broke in and ate them. From the angle of the oven they brought fire brands and threw them at the house, but these had no effect on the high adobe walls. Our good luck was that they didn't try to burn the barn, which was of wood with a thatched roof. Had they done so, the fire would have spread to the little house and then to the big house.

Finally, Juan, the Yaqui, told me that our ammunition was nearly finished. Close to the windows, I gave the order in a loud voice that no one should fire without seeing the whites of the eyes. This I did so that the ammunition would last longer and to give the Indians time to go after the horses, which they did. As soon as the firing was suspended, they broke down a portion of the corral and took the horses.

While the Indians were shooting at the horses, they killed a black horse of mine in the patio. A mare and a mule were hit by arrows. As the horses came out, being frenzied and wounded by arrows, they stampeded. A mare and five horses escaped and were found the next day, and the arrow heads were pulled out of them. The same was done for the wounded cows.

The Indians went from my place at about 12:30 at night, directly to the mission. They arrived there almost at daybreak and began to yell. Don Pablo Villalba fired a shot at them from the corridor. The Indians shouted that if he fired again, they would kill him and all the other men and would carry off the women, saying that they had killed everyone at the Janssens ranch. Frightened by this, he didn't fire at them again. They went into the corrals of the mission and drove out all the horses and cattle that were there. With the mission animals were about two hundred belonging to Don José María Covarrubias and Don Joaquín 150 Carillo. After this, the Indians went to the store which Don Mariano Valdivia kept with the Villalbas. At each push they gave upon the door, those inside threw out clothes, bread, and other things. At daybreak the Indians left with their loot.

I sent word to Santa Barbara, but no one came over. Gaspar Oreña* and Luis Burton sent me powder and munitions. Seeing that no one was coming to help me, I gathered the men I found scattered about and took two little cannon from the mission. I prepared everything for defense,

because the Indians might return, as they had had the boldness to come to the mission in daylight. Don Gaspar Oreña, not knowing that the Indians were in the *potrero* at his ranch, La Saca, came from Santa Barbara with his servant, Luis Olivas. He went to look over part of the *potrero,* when he heard a sort of a murmur of singing, and he stopped and listened. Then Olivas saw that among some greasewood were Indians, who appeared to be aiming at them. They put spurs to their horses and came to my house in flight. I believe Oreña lost a stirrup on the way.

Gaspar Oreña, who was supercargo of the *Guipuzcoana* at one time and a trader and merchant, married the widow of Cesario Lataillade and was a wealthy resident of Santa Barbara from 1850 to 1885.

The dangers continued for a long time. Some of the Indians drove off horses, but parties of them remained, keeping us under continuous alarm. The authorities did nothing. It seemed that there might be some offer of compensation, but it came to nought. In a little while, I learned from a letter written by Eugene Frantsch that between Sacramento and Los Cosmes he had seen some Argentines passing by with cattle and some horses bearing my brand. He made them stop and give security, and he gave one, too, pending arrival of authority from me. He immediately took the road to Santa Barbara. When he arrived, I gave him power of attorney. Then, as there were no steamers, he returned by land with good horses. But later he wrote me that 151 when he arrived at Los Cosmes, the party of Argentines and the sureties had gone. Frantsch had wasted his time, and all the assistance he had obtained.

On June 11, 1851, my sixth child was born and baptized at Santa Inés.

In 1852 two Americans came to buy cattle. They arrived at Los Alamos, and left from there for the summit. Seeing some men whom they instinctively distrusted, they came back. Later they saw that the suspected men had gone another way and decided to continue their trip. They didn't see anyone as they went over the summit, but on descending they saw that two people were approaching. If they went down the ravine, they would meet them at the first creek. One American said to the other: “There he comes.” At that, the one who told me the story turned and received a bullet in his throat, falling from his mule. The villains turned upon his companion, firing shots at him. The fallen one raised himself a little and saw them attacking his companion. When he recovered somewhat from his faint, he bound his wound with leaves and a cloth and, little by little, worked his way

into a ravine thick with greasewood, while with a branch he erased his footprints, until he came to a hollow tree. There he hid his money belt, which held $1,300. At a more suitable place, he lay down. He heard the shots fired at his companion. Soon the villains returned on the gallop to the place where he had fallen. They looked everywhere and passed very close to him, but he had the luck not to be discovered. Later he saw them crossing the ridge with the mule and saddlebags of his companion. They didn't take the first mule, because she had disappeared and was found later.

The man was able to get to the bank of the Santa Inés River by short movements, but exhausted by loss of blood, he could not climb the bluff. His presence there made my dogs bark. I went with some people to see what was the matter and found 152 the man. I took him to the house and treated his wound, which fortunately was not serious. We sent for his money, and it was found intact where he had left it. Later the mule with saddle and all in good condition was found, but the reins and bit were somewhat damaged. The man could identify one of the bandits, and later seeing him in Santa Barbara, he notified the sheriff, but nothing was done about capturing the murderer. (This same American, with four or five more, was killed a little later in...[balance cut from page])

My Sonoran servants, when they had nothing to do, often would go to a part of the College Ranch, where they made some cradles and recovered a little gold. About this time, the old mine in the mountains near Quichuma and Santa Cruz was discovered. At San Isador an assay was made which disclosed a small content of silver.

In those days the roads were greatly infested with robbers.

On the 1st of September, 1852, my wife was delivered of twin male babies, but they died in a few hours.

All of the plantings of wheat and other crops that year had abundant results.

In 1853 several unsavory parties passed by my ranch, but I suffered no damage. One time a rather large band came under pursuit from the north. I believe they were called "*Los Galgos*" (Hounds). I had word of their coming, and put all my servants on guard. When they came across the river, there

were twenty of them in red shirts with pistols and knives and with their rifles across their saddles. From behind the house, we saw them loading their weapons. As soon as they came up to the house, they deployed into a line. It was necessary that one of us should go out, and it was I who had to do it, after giving instructions to my people about what to do if the rascals started trouble. They asked me for three loaves of bread for each man and questioned me about hay. I gave them cheeses, meat, etc. They ate and 153 departed without doing any harm. The mission padre who was with me left in a great hurry. A few days later, I learned that the men went to San Bernardino. They were at the house of the Lugos, where they broke open trunks and committed other excesses, but the Indian chief José de Jesús diverted their attention with his men. They went after the Indians, who killed them all.

On September 16, 1853, my ninth child, a girl, was born.

One day in 1854 there came a party of villains, pursued from San Luis Obispo. Two days later, there came a man to my house on horseback. He bought bread and went to the cañon where I had my crops planted. He approached Vicente Quijada, who was caring for the crops; then he left, going slowly. At this point, the sheriff's force arrived from San Luis Obispo. They captured and bound the man and prepared to hang him. My people came to call me, and I hurried to the cañon where I opposed what they wanted to do with the man, because it was contrary to the orders carried by the deputy sheriff. But it availed nothing. They hoisted him several times before my servants arrived. Finally, they took the rope from his neck, and I obtained the deputy sheriff's promise to take him to Santa Barbara so that he could be tried. The man claimed that highwaymen had robbed him, taking his good horse and giving him another, which they had stolen. The man was delivered to the authorities at Santa Barbara. This I know, because I sent a man to make sure.

Santa Barbara

April 4, 1878

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